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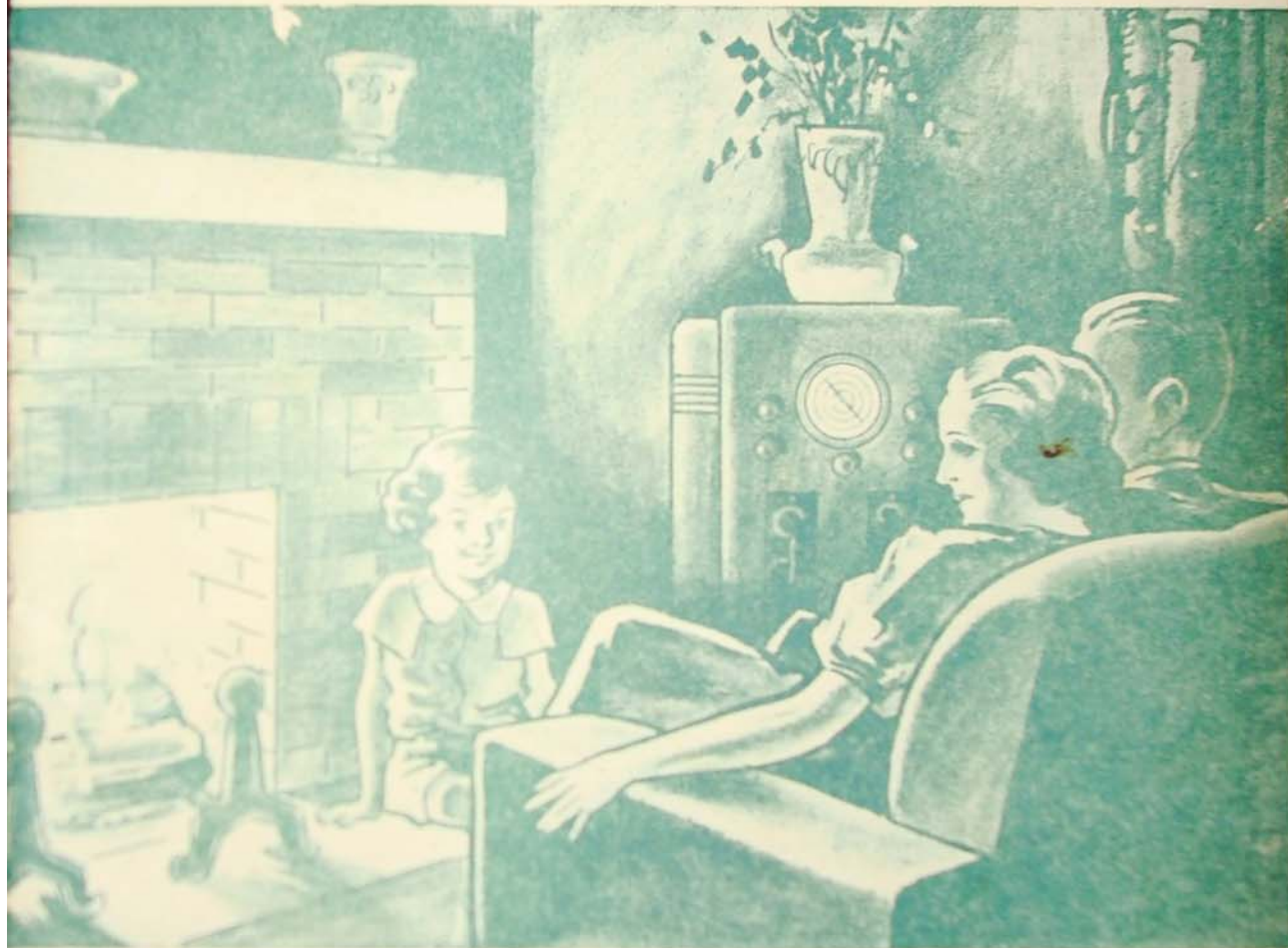
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# fireside melodies

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# LATTER RAIN REVIVAL

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# No. 1

# Sinner, Come, and Be Saved.

Owned by R. E. Winsett, East Chattanooga, Tenn.

R. E. W.

R. E. WINSETT.

1. Sin - ner, come to the foan-tain of life flowing free, There is mer - cy and  
 2. Will you come to the Lord and be saved from your sin? Come, con-fess-ing thy  
 3. There's no way to be clean but in this crimson flow; Tho' your sins may be  
 4. Should the end come just now and your life work was done, Are you read - y for

par - don for all; Je - sus died on the cross, paid the debt there for thee,  
 guilt and be - lieve; Je - sus knocks at your door, will you now let Him in?  
 as scar - let red, Oh, the pow'r in this blood will make you white as snow,  
 that fi - nal day? Would you hear the Judge say, "Come, ye bless-ed, welcome!"

*D. S.—Soon the call will be past, and your die will be cast—*

## FINE. REFRAIN.

And redeemed thy poor soul from the fall. Sin - ner, come, and be  
 O - pen wide your heart's door and receive.  
 And your soul will on man - na be fed.  
 Or, "From me ev - er de - part a - way." Sinner, come, will you come and be  
 Come to Je - sus while yet there is room.

*D. S.*  
 saved, Lest you seal your sad doom;  
 saved, tru - ly saved, Lest you seal, ev - er seal your sad doom, aw - ful doom;



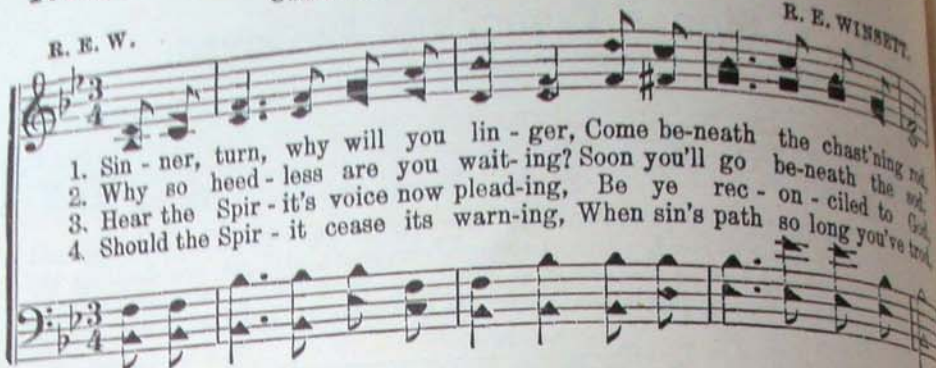
# No. 2.

## O Prepare to Meet Thy God.

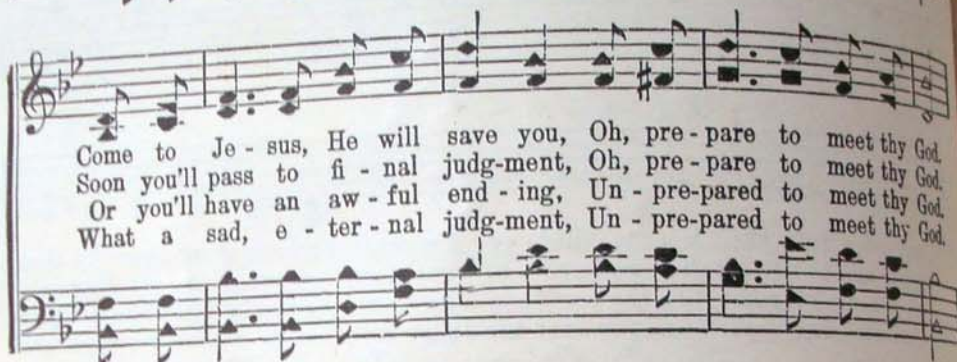
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R. E. W.

R. E. WINSETT.



1. Sin - ner, turn, why will you lin - ger, Come be - neath the chast'ning rod,  
 2. Why so heed - less are you wait - ing? Soon you'll go be - neath the rod,  
 3. Hear the Spir - it's voice now plead - ing, Be ye rec - on - ciled to God,  
 4. Should the Spir - it cease its warn - ing, When sin's path so long you've trod.

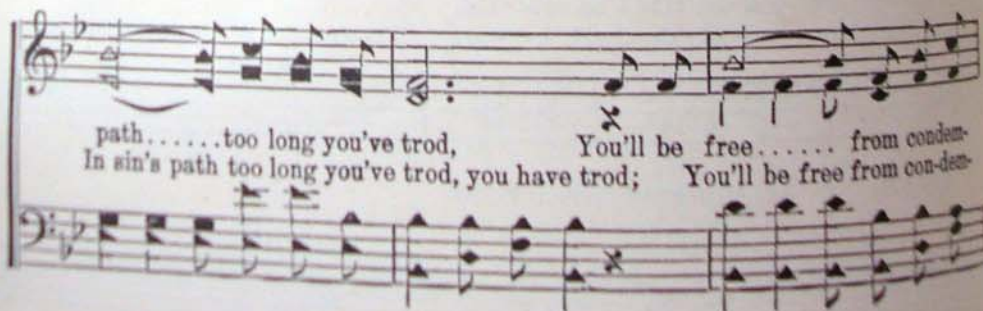


Come to Je - sus, He will save you, Oh, pre - pare to meet thy God.  
 Soon you'll pass to fi - nal judg - ment, Oh, pre - pare to meet thy God.  
 Or you'll have an aw - ful end - ing, Un - pre - pared to meet thy God.  
 What a sad, e - ter - nal judg - ment, Un - pre - pared to meet thy God.

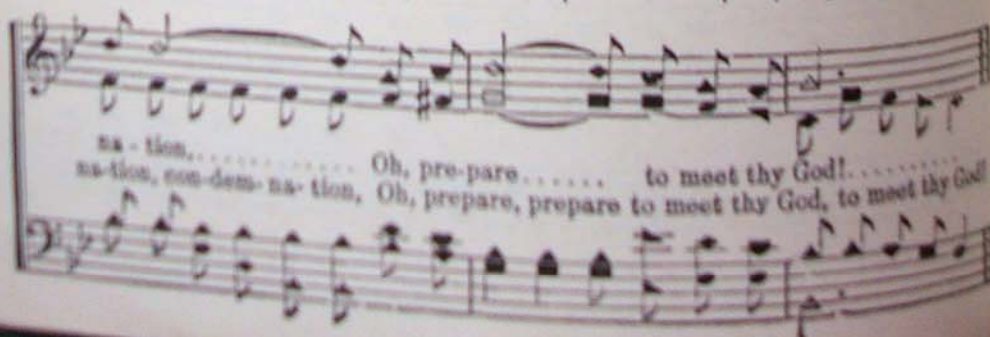
### CHORUS.



Sin - ner, come..... and seek sal - va - tion!..... In sin's  
 Sin - ner, come and seek sal - va - tion, your sal - va - tion,



path.....too long you've trod, You'll be free..... from con - dem -  
 In sin's path too long you've trod, you have trod; You'll be free from con - dem -



na - tion,..... Oh, pre - pare..... to meet thy God!.....  
 na - tion, con - dem - na - tion, Oh, prepare, prepare to meet thy God, to meet thy God!



# NO. 3.

J. M. H.

## Watching You.

J. M. Henson.

1. All a - long on the road to the souls true a-bode There's an eye
2. As you make life's great fight, keep the pathway of right,
3. Fix your mind on the goal that sweet home of the soul,

There's an eye

watch-ing you; Ev - 'ry step that you take this great eye is a - wake,  
God will warn not to go in the path of the foe,  
watch-ing you; Nev - er turn from the way to the king - dom of day,

### REFRAIN.

There's an eye watching you. Watching you, watch-ing  
There's an eye watching you, Watching you,

you, Ev-'ry day mind the course you pursue. Watching you  
watching you, watching you,

watch-ing you, There's an all see - ing Eye watch-ing you.  
watch-ing you,



# No. 4

## I'll Live On.

Written after hearing a sermon by the eloquent S. L. Pruett during the great revival at the M. E. Church, Euclaton, Ala., August, 1914.

T. J. L.

THOS. J. LANNEY.

1. 'Tis a sweet and glorious tho't that comes to me, I'll live on.....
2. When my bod - y's slumb'ring in the cold, cold clay,
3. When the worlds on fire, and dark-ness veils the sun,
4. In the glo - ry land with Je - sus on the throne,

I'll live on,

Yes I'll live on, Je - sus saved my soul from death and now I'm free,  
 Yes, I'll live on, There to sleep in Je - sus till the judg-ment day,  
 Yes, I'll live on, Men will cry and to the rocks and moun-tains run,  
 Yes, I'll live on, For e - ter - nal a - ges sing - ing home sweet home,

### REFRAIN.

I'll live on,..... yes, I'll live on, I'll live on,..... yes, I'll live  
 on, on,  
 I'll live on,

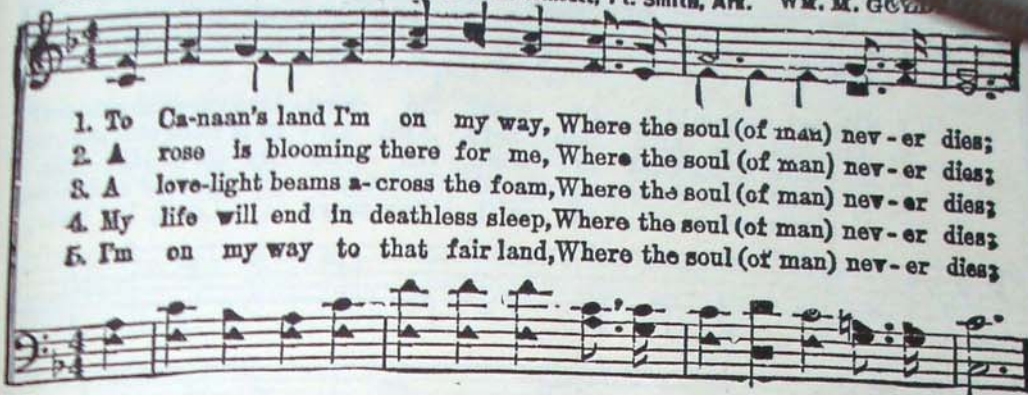
on, on In e - ter - ni - ty I'll live on, I'll live on,.....  
 on, on and on, on, on

Yes, I'll live on, and on, In e - ter - ni - ty I'll live on. yes, I'll live on.

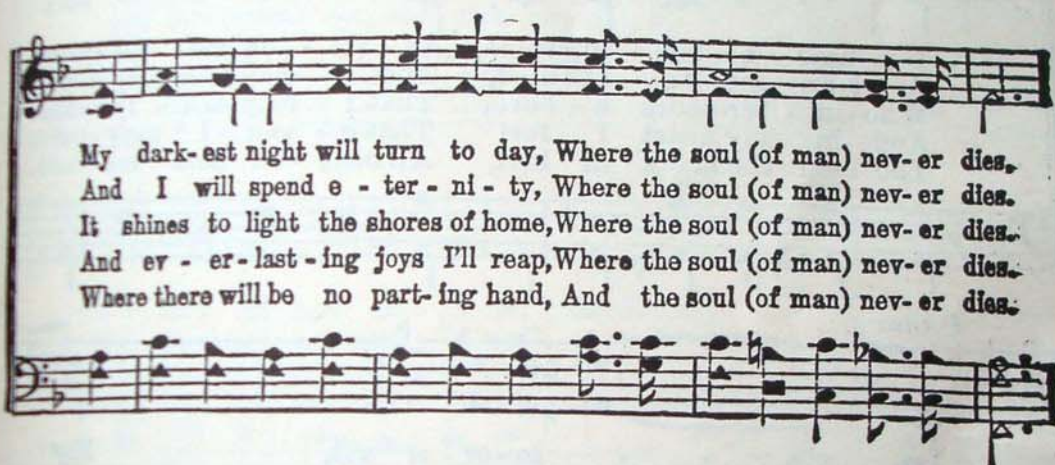


## 5. Where the Soul Never Dies

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Wm. M. GOLDEN Copyright Owned by R. E. Winsett, Ft. Smith, Ark. Wm. M. Golden



1. To Ca-naan's land I'm on my way, Where the soul (of man) nev-er dies;  
2. A rose is blooming there for me, Where the soul (of man) nev-er dies;  
3. A love-light beams a-cross the foam, Where the soul (of man) nev-er dies;  
4. My life will end in deathless sleep, Where the soul (of man) nev-er dies;  
5. I'm on my way to that fair land, Where the soul (of man) nev-er dies;

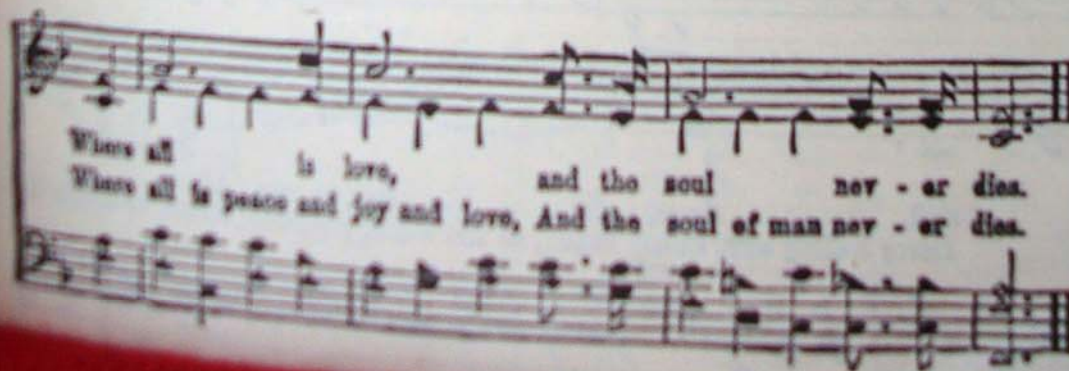


My dark-est night will turn to day, Where the soul (of man) nev-er dies,  
And I will spend e-ter-ni-ty, Where the soul (of man) nev-er dies.  
It shines to light the shores of home, Where the soul (of man) nev-er dies.  
And ev-er-last-ing joys I'll reap, Where the soul (of man) nev-er dies.  
Where there will be no part-ing hand, And the soul (of man) nev-er dies.

REFRAIN



No sad fare-wells, no tear - dimmed eyes,  
Dear friends, there'll be no sad fare-wells, There'll be no tear-dimmed eyes;



Where all is love, and the soul nev-er dies.  
Where all is peace and joy and love, And the soul of man nev-er dies.



## No. 6

## Whosoever Will.

Rev. 22:17.

D. S. WARNER.

Alt. by R. E. WINSETT.  
B. E. WARREN. By per.

1. Oh, why should I be lost? So care-less meet my doom?  
 2. The Spir-it and the bride, And an-gels round the throne,  
 3. I know that God is love, He free-ly gave His Son,  
 4. I hear the strong ap-peal From my Redeemer's throne,  
 5. Yes, who-so-ev-er will, Thy word, O Lord, I own;

I hear a lov-ing voice, In-vit-ing me to come.  
 As-sure me Je-sus died, That I may free-ly come.  
 Who in-ter-cedes a-bove, That I may tru-ly come.  
 And in my heart I feel That e-ven I may come.  
 Tho' near the brink of hell, All heav-en bids me come.

CHORUS.

Yes, who-so-ev-er will, May  
 Yes, who-so-ev-er will, yes, who-so-ev-er will, May

free-ly come to God; 'Tis mer-cy calling  
 freely come to God, yes, may freely come to God; 'Tis mercy calling still, it is

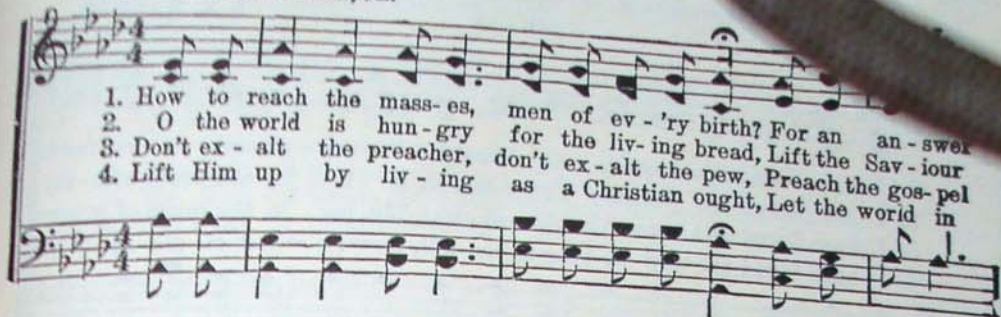
still, Come, sin-ner, to the blood.....  
 mercy calling still, Come, sinner, to the blood, yes, come, sinner, to the blood.



## No. 7

## Lift Him Up.

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR.



1. How to reach the mass-es, men of ev-'ry birth? For an an-swer  
 2. O the world is hun-gry for the liv-ing bread, Lift the Sav-iour  
 3. Don't ex-alt the preacher, don't ex-alt the pew, Preach the gos-pel  
 4. Lift Him up by liv-ing as a Christian ought, Let the world in



Je-sus gave a key, "And I, if I be lift-ed up from the earth,  
 up for them to see, Trust Him, and do not doubt the words that He said,  
 sim-ple, full and free, Prove Him and you will find that prom-ise is true,  
 you the Saviour see, Then men will glad-ly fol-low Him who once taught,

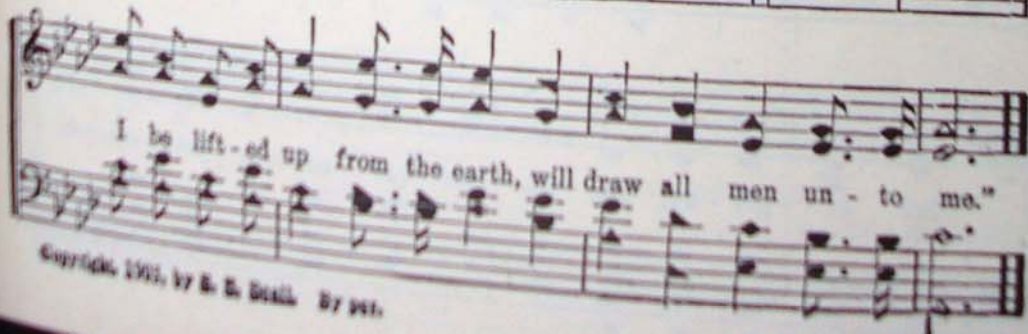
## REFRAIN.



Will draw all men un-to me." Lift Him up, Lift Him  
 "I'll draw all men un-to me."  
 "I'll draw all men un-to me."  
 "I'll draw all men un-to me." Lift the pre-cious Sav-iour up, Lift the



up,..... Still He speaks from e-ter-ni-ty, "And I, if  
 precious Saviour up,



I be lift-ed up from the earth, will draw all men un-to me."



No. 8

## Joy Unspeakable.


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1 Pet. 1: 8.



B. E. W.

*Lively.*

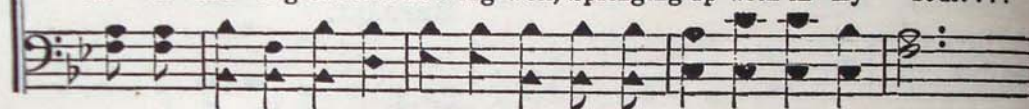
B. E. WARREN.




1. I have found His grace is all complete, He sup - pli - eth ev - 'ry need;  
2. I have found the pleasure I once craved, It is joy and peace with - in;  
3. I have found that hope so bright and clear, Liv - ing in the realm of grace;  
4. I have found the joy no tongue can tell, How its waves of glo - ry roll!



While I sit and learn at Je - sus' feet, I am free, yes, free in - deed....  
What a wondrous blessing! I am saved From the aw - ful gulf of sin....  
Oh, the Saviour's presence is so near, I can see His smil - ing face....  
It is like a great o'er - flow - ing well, Springing up with - in my soul....




## CHORUS.




It is joy un - speak - a - ble and full of glo - ry, Full of



glo - ry, full of glo - ry; It is joy un - speak - a - ble and



full of glo - ry, Oh, the half has nev - er yet been told.





# No. 9

# The Spirit Pleads.

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James Rowe.

R. E. Winsett.

1. The Spir - it pleads a - gain with you, Why will you still in darkness roam?  
 2. The Spir - it pleads. O sin - ner hear, And have your burden rolled a - way;  
 3. The Spir - it pleads, don't wait too long Lest you at last, may cry "too late!"  
 4. Life's day is pass - ing swift - ly by, Soon you will see the twilight's gloam;

That Je - sus may your soul re - new, O wayward one, come home, come home.  
 Oh, love and trust the Sav - ior dear Who waits to par - don you to - day.  
 Come, join to - day the pilgrim throng While o - pen wide is mer - cy's gate.  
 For par - don now to Je - sus cry, O wayward one, come home, come home.

D. S. — Give God your heart come home come home.

## REFRAIN.

Come home to - day, ..... be saved from sin, .....  
 Come home to - day, ..... be saved from sin,

Let Je - sus make ..... you pure with - in; .....  
 Let Je - sus make ..... you pure with - in;

D. S.

Don't risk your soul, ..... no lon - ger roam,  
 Don't risk your soul, ..... no lon - ger roam,



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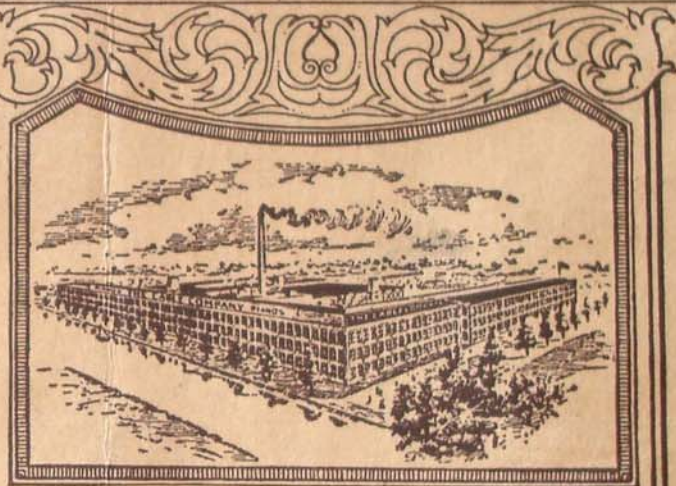
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# The Star-Spangled Banner.

(Service Version.)

Francis Scott Key. Prepared for the Army and Navy song and band books, and for School and Community singing, by a Committee of 12. John Stafford Smith.

*f* With spirit. (♩ = 104)

1. O say! can you see, by the dawn's ear-ly light, What so proud-ly we  
2. On the shore, dim-ly seen thro' the mists of the deep, Where the foe's haugh-ty  
3. O thus be it ev-er when free-men shall stand Be-tween their lov'd

hail'd at the twi-light's last gleam-ing? Whose broad stripes and bright stars, thro' the  
host in dread si-lence re-pos-es, What is that which the breeze, o'er the  
homes and the war's des-o-la-tion! Blest with vic-t'ry and peace, may the

per-il-ous fight, O'er the ram-parts we watch'd, were so gal-lant-ly  
tow-er-ing steep, As it fit-ful-ly blows, half con-ceals, half dis-  
Heav'n-res-cued land Praise the Pow'r that hath made and pre-served us, a

*mf*  
streaming? And the rock-ets' red glare, the bombs burst-ing in air, Gave  
clos-es? Now it catch-es the gleam of the morn-ing's first beam, In full  
na-tion! Then con-quer we must, when our cause it is just, And

CHORUS. *f* (♩ = 96)  
proof thro' the night that our flag was still there. O say, does that Star-span-gled  
glo-ry re-flect-ed, now shines on the stream: 'Tis the Star-span-gled Ban-ner: O  
this be our mot-to: "In God is our trust!" And the Star-span-gled Ban-ner in



## The Star-Spangled Banner.

*broaden* *ff*

Ban - ner yet wave O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?  
 long may it wave O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!  
 tri - umph shall wave O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

### \*The Star-Spangled Banner—Service Version.

The great growth of community singing, and the systematic introduction of mass singing as a factor in the training of the American army, brought into prominence the fact that there has never been an authorized official version of our national anthem. Probably this accounts for the many variations in printed and sung versions. In an effort to bring about greater unity, a representative committee worked for almost a year on this Service Version with the hope that it might be widely used. The Committee of Twelve was composed of the following members: John A. Carpenter, Frederick S. Converse, Wallace Goodrich, W. R. Spalding, representing the War Department Commission on Training Camp Activities; Hollis E. Dann, Peter W. Dykema, Osbourne McConathy, representing the Music Supervisors' National Conference; C. C. Birchard, Carl Engel, W. A. Fisher, Arthur Johnstone, E. W. Newton, representing Music Publishers. In their conferences, the Committee were agreed, as a fundamental point of departure, that the Star-Spangled Banner was to be regarded as a "folk song" and that therefore their efforts should be directed to determining what is the present commonly accepted version of the American people rather than to endeavoring to establish the authentic and original version from the historic standpoint. This principle led to a unanimous agreement regarding the version of the melody and the greater part of the harmony. Details concerning the deliberations of the Committee may be obtained from the Chairman, Peter W. Dykema, University of Wisconsin, Madison, Wisconsin.

3

## America.

(MY COUNTRY, 'TIS OF THEE.)

*First sung in Park Street Church, Boston, July 4, 1832.*

Samuel Francis Smith.

Attributed to Henry Carey.

1. My coun-try, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty, Of thee I sing; Land where my  
 2. My na - tive coun-try, thee, Land of the no - ble free, Thy name I love: I love thy  
 3. Let mu - sic swell the breeze, And ring thro' all the trees Sweet freedom's song; Let mor-tal  
 4. Our fa-thers' God, to Thee, Au-thor of lib - er - ty, To Thee we sing; Long may our  
 fa-thers died, Land of the Pil-grims' pride, From ev'ry moun-tain-side Let free-dom ring.  
 rocks and rills, Thy woods and templed hills; My heart with rap-ture thrills Like that a - bove.  
 tongues a-woke; Let all that breathe partake; Let rocks their si-lence break, The sound prolong.  
 land be bright With freedom's ho-ly light; Pro - tect us by Thy might, Great God, our King.



## Tramp! Tramp! Tramp!

G. F. R.

Geo. F. Root.

1. In the pris - on cell I sit, Think - ing, Moth - er dear, of you, And our  
 2. In the bat - tle - front we stood When their fierc - est charge they made, And they  
 3. So with - in the pris - on cell We are wait - ing for the day That shall

bright and hap - py home so far a - way; And the tears they fill my eyes Spite of  
 swept us off, a hun - dred men or more; But be - fore we reached their lines They were  
 come to o - pen wide the i - ron door; And the hol - low eyes grow bright, And the

all that I can do, Tho' I try to cheer my com - rades and be gay.  
 beat - en back, dis - mayed, And we heard the cry of vic - t'ry o'er and o'er.  
 poor heart al - most gay, As we think of see - ing home and friends once more.

## CHORUS.

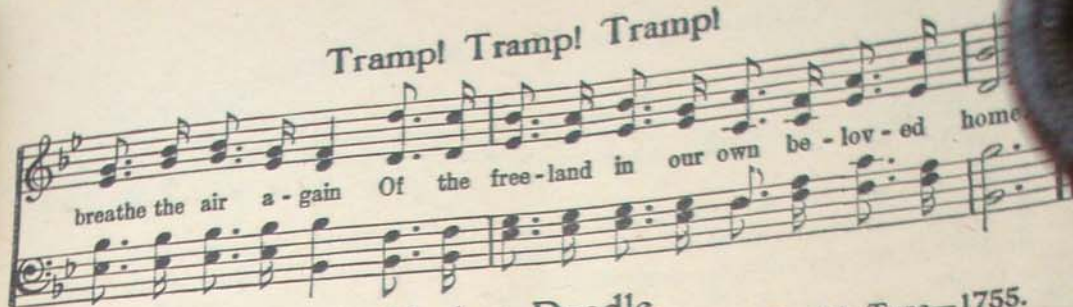
Tramp! tramp! tramp! the boys are march - ing, Cheer up, com - rades, they will  
 march - ing on, O cheer up, com - rades,

come, And be - neath the star - ry flag We shall  
 they will come,

Progress is made by work alone.—Mendelssohn.  
 Music is a stimulant to mental exertion.—Disraeli.



# Tramp! Tramp! Tramp!

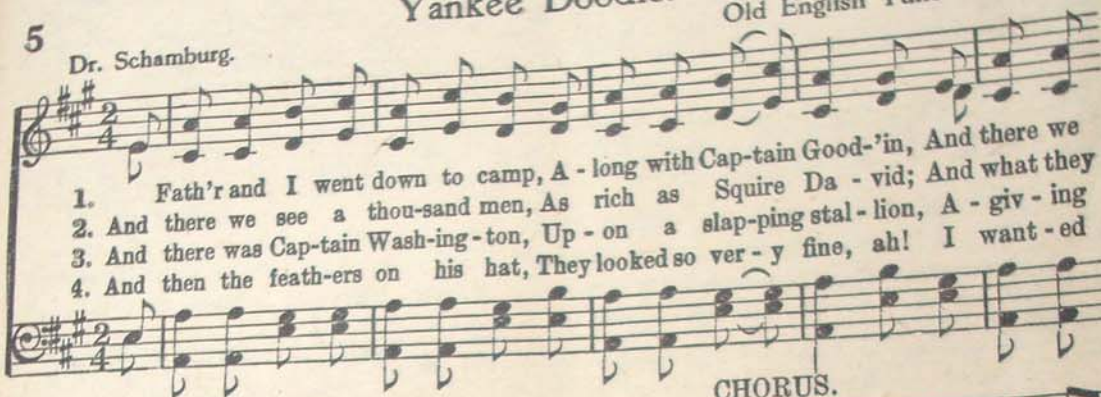


## Yankee Doodle.

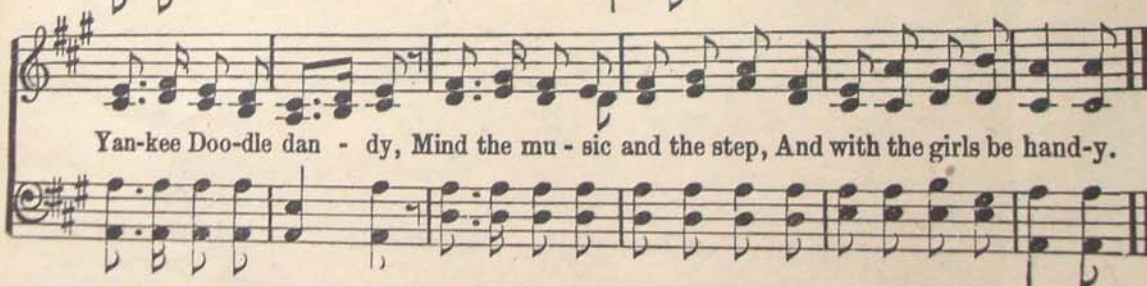
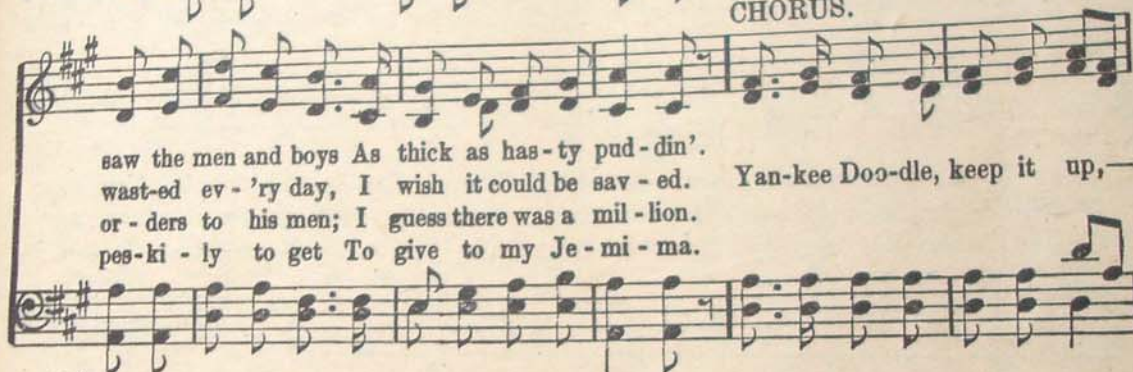
Old English Tune—1755.

5

Dr. Schamburg.



### CHORUS.



5. And there I see a swamping gun,  
Large as a log of maple,  
Upon a mighty little cart;  
A load for father's cattle.
6. And every time they fired it off,  
It took a horn of powder;  
It made a noise like father's gun,  
Only a nation louder.
7. And there I see a little keg,  
Its head all made of leather;  
They knocked upon't with little sticks,  
To call the folks together.

8. And Cap'n Davis had a gun,  
He kind o' clapt his hand on't  
And stuck a crooked stabbing-iron  
Upon the little end on't.
9. The troopers, too, would gallop up  
And fire right in our faces;  
It scared me almost half to death  
To see them run such races.
10. It scared me so I hooked it off,  
Nor stopped, as I remember,  
Nor turned about till I got home,  
Locked up in mother's chamber.



## Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean

David T. Shaw.  
*Spirited.*

David T. Shaw.

1. O Co-lum-bia, the gem of the o-cean, The home of the brave and the free,  
 2. When war winged its wide des-o-la-tion, And threatened the land to de-form,  
 3. The star-span-gled ban-ner bring hith-er, O'er Co-lum-bia's true sons let it wave;

The shrine of each pa-triot's de-votion, A world of-fers hom-age to thee.  
 The ark then of free-dom's foun-da-tion, Co-lum-bia, rode safe thro' the storm:  
 May the wreaths they have won never with-er, Nor its stars cease to shine on the brave:

Thy mandates make he-ros as-sem-ble, When Lib-er-ty's form stands in view;  
 With the gar-lands of vic-t'ry a-round her, When so proud-ly she bore her brave crew,  
 May the serv-ice, u-nit-ed, ne'er sev-er, But hold to their col-ors so true;

FINE.

Thy ban-ners make tyr-an-ny trem-ble When borne by the red, white and blue;  
 With her flag proud-ly float-ing be-fore her, The boast of the red, white and blue;  
 The ar-my and na-vy for-ev-er, Three cheers for the red, white and blue;

CHORUS.

D.S. ♫

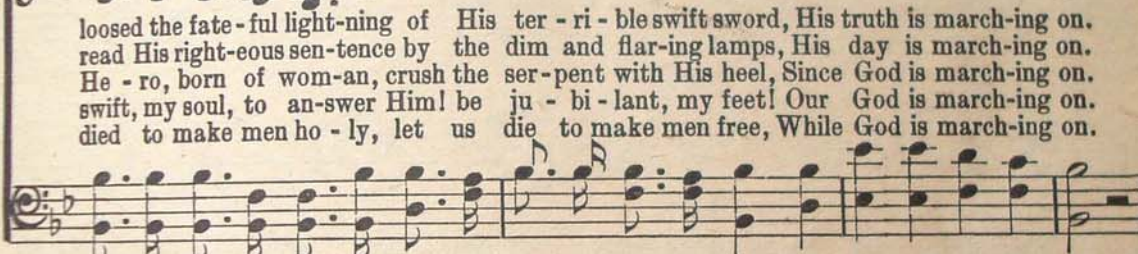
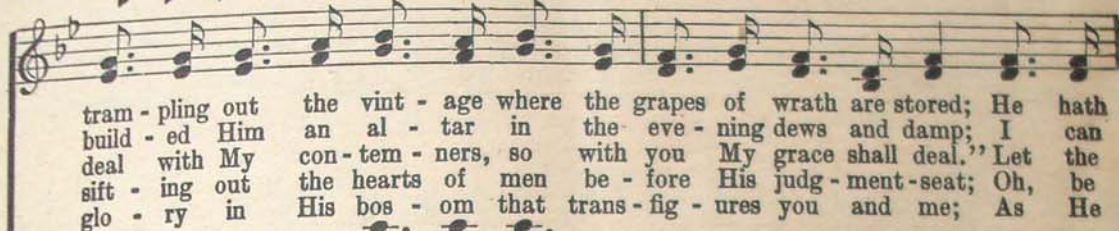
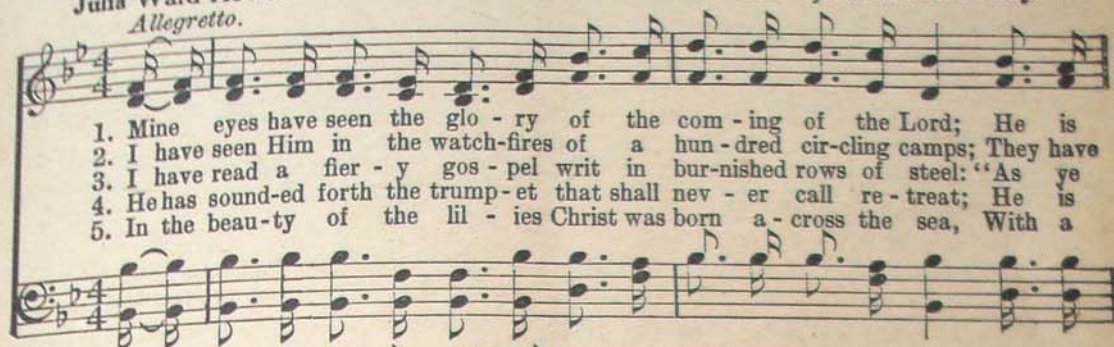
When borne by the red, white and blue, When borne by the red, white and blue; Thy  
 The boast of the red, white and blue, The boast of the red, white and blue; With her  
 Three cheers for the red, white and blue, Three cheers for the red, white and blue; The



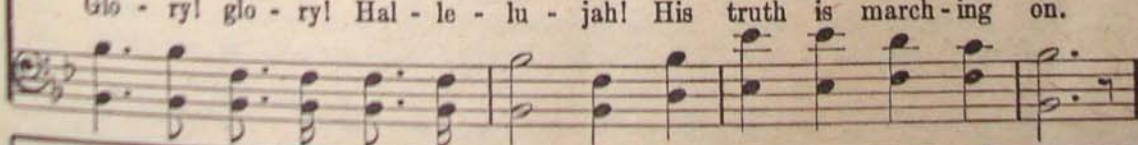
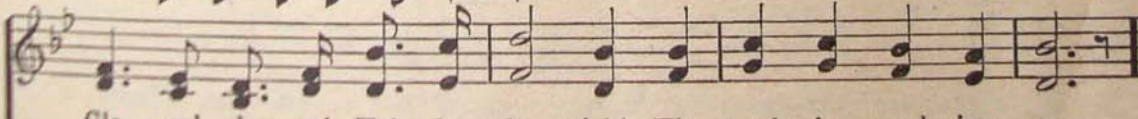
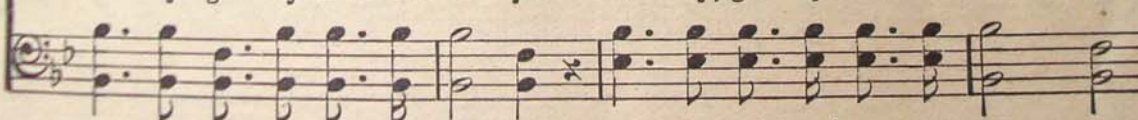
## Battle Hymn of the Republic.

Julia Ward Howe.  
*Allegretto.*

Air: "John Brown's Body."



## CHORUS.



Mrs. John A. Logan, wife of the great Volunteer General, noticed while visiting Richmond, in March, 1868, that the Confederate women decorated the graves of their dead. Upon her return she mentioned this to General Logan, who was Commander-in-Chief of the Grand Army of the Republic. He said it was a beautiful custom and worthy of being copied. Thereupon he issued the first order that May 30, 1868, he observed as Decoration Day, and this was so enthusiastically received that Congress made it a National holiday.





HANDKERCHIEFS

1000







# Composition Book

No. 25

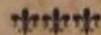


NAME

*E. Wiffong*

SCHOOL

*Iowa state*



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## Corn

### Southern Rice Cakes

2 eggs	2 C sour milk
1 C boiled rice	1 C corn meal
1 T melted fat	1 tsp salt.
1 tsp soda	

Beat eggs & add other ingredients. Mix thoroughly & bake in a moderate oven.

### Southern Corn Pone

2 C fine white meal	1 Tsp melted fat
1 tsp salt	1 C sour milk
$\frac{1}{2}$ tsp soda	
$4\frac{1}{2}$ Tsp B.P.	

Sift dry ing. together add melted fat & sour milk mix well and shape into oblong pones about  $\frac{1}{2}$  in thick Bake 30 min. in well greased pan in moderate oven

### Steamed Brown Bread.

$1\frac{1}{2}$ C corn meal	$\frac{3}{4}$ C Porto Rico molasses
$1\frac{1}{2}$ C graham flour	2 C sour milk
1 tsp salt	2 tsp soda.

Sift dry ing. together; add sour milk & molasses. 1 C raisins may be added Steam 3-4 hrs.



## Corn

### Corn meal Desserts. Indian Pudding

1 qt milk

1/4 c corn meal

1/2 c molasses

3/4 tsp salt

Spices (Cinnamon  
nutmeg or ginger)

Cook milk & meal in D.B. 20 min.  
Add salt, molasses & spices as desired.  
Pour into greased baking dish. Bake 2 hrs.  
in slow oven, stirring occasionally. Pudding  
is very thin when done.

### Corn meal & Apple pudding

1 c corn meal

1 qt milk

1 tsp ginger

1 tsp salt

1/2 c molasses

2 c apples cored &  
sliced thin

scald milk & add corn

meal: cook 30 min. & add  
salt, ginger & molasses. Pour  
in a buttered baking dish, bake  
1 hr. stirring occasionally; add  
apples & bake 1 hr longer.

### Scalloped Corn & Celery

2 c canned corn

1 c finely chopped celery

1 c toasted bread crumbs

Arrange in 8 inch. Add fat to hot milk  
& pour over corn with bread crumbs.  
Bake 20 min.

1 tsp salt

1 T chopped green peppers

2 T fat

1/2 c hot milk



## Corn

### Corn Relish

1 1/2 doz. ears corn.

1 small cabbage

1 bunch celery

4 onions

2 green peppers.

1/4 tsp cayenne

2 qts vinegar

2 c sugar

1 c flour

1/2 c salt.

1/2 tsp mustard.

Cut the corn from the cob. Grind the cabbage. Separate the celery stalks, remove the leaves & chop. Peel the onions & cut into thin slices. Wipe the peppers & chop them. Put all the vegetables into a preserving kettle & add half of the vinegar. Mix the dry ingredients & add the remaining vinegar to them. Combine the mixtures, bring to the boiling point & let simmer 40 min. Fill glass jars & seal.



## meat

### Stuffed Rib chop with Apples

6 rib pork chops $1\frac{1}{2}$ in thick	$\frac{1}{4}$ tsp salt
1 c fine dry bread crumbs	$\frac{1}{8}$ tsp savory seasoning
$\frac{1}{4}$ c chopped celery	Dash pepper
1 T butter	$\frac{1}{8}$ tsp Celery seeds
1 T minced onion	3 tart <sup>red</sup> apples
1 T chopped parsley	

stuffing, Cook the celery, onion & parsley in the butter for a few min, add the bread crumbs & seasoning, & stir until well mixed. Wipe the chops with a damp cloth. Cut a pocket in each chop. Sprinkle the chops with salt & pepper & rub lightly with flour. Sear the chops in a heavy hot skillet, turning the fat edges down at first & then browning both sides. Then fill each chop with stuffing skewer the edges together with tooth picks. Lay the stuffed chops on a rack in a baking dish or pan with cover. On the top of each, place cut side down  $\frac{1}{2}$  of an apple (cored but not peeled. Cover closely & bake in a moderate oven  $350-375^{\circ}\text{F}$ ) 45 min. Garnish with parsley.



## Swiss Steak

1 1/2 lbs. round or flank steak 2 med. sized carrots  
1 1/2 in thick Cut in strips lengthwise

1 C flour

1/4 C fat

1 tsp salt-

1/2 C hot water.

2 T chopped onion

Pound as much flour into

the meat as possible with the edge of a  
sauce. Place 1/4 C of fat in a heavy  
skillet. Brown meat well in the

hot fat. Add 1/2 C hot water. Cover & simmer

1 hr. Add seasoning & continue cooking

1/2 hr longer, adding more water if

needed. 1/2 C of strained tomato juice

or 2 T. chopped parsley is a nice addition

to the above.



### Combination Rice & Slew

1 lb. beef (chopped)      1 c spaghetti with tomatoes  
1 c kidney beans      2 onions chopped fine  
1 tsp salt

Sear the meat in hot fat, Cover with boiling water & simmer 20 min. Add the beans, onions & spaghetti & seasoning. Cook until thick.

### Shirred Eggs with Rice

Line a shallow baking dish with hot boiled rice. Break 6 eggs and carefully drop them one at a time into the rice. Cover with 1 c white sauce to which  $\frac{1}{4}$  c grated cheese &  $\frac{1}{4}$  c bread crumbs have been added. Set baking dish in a pan of hot water & cook in slow oven until whites of egg are jelly like.



Jello veg. salad.  
Cornbread.  
marmalade.

## Spanish macaroni

1 c stale bread crumbs / 1 c grated cheese  
1/4 c melted butter / 2 T chopped parsley & pimiento  
1 c macaroni cooked in salt water - 2 eggs beaten in 1 c milk

Mix macaroni, cheese, parsley & pimiento & put in a buttered baking dish. Pour milk & egg over the top. Cover top with buttered crumbs. Bake in pan of water 45 min.

## Baked Rice & Steak

1 lb. round steak / 1/2 c grated cheese  
2 c boiled rice / 2 tsp. salt  
1 c tomatoes

Cut steak in inch cubes. Brown thoroly in fat. Add boiled rice & tomatoes season highly. Cook slowly until meat is tender. Just before removing from fire, add grated cheese, stirring until melted.



### Cottage cheese loaf.

1c cottage cheese  
2c cooked beans or peas  
1c boiled rice  
1c bread crumbs

2T chopped onion  
2T fat  
chopped celery or  
celery salt.

Wash beans or peas, mix with cheese, bread crumbs & seasoning. Form into a stiff roll as it will become softer on heating. Bake in a moderate oven, basting with fat.

### Southern Rice

1c brown rice  
3c tomatoes or juice  
6 pork chops

1½ tsp salt  
2 chopped onions  
1 chopped pimento

Soak rice over night in water, drain. Butter baking dish, add rice, tomato salt, onion & pimento. Bake in covered dish in oven ¾ hr. Remove, cover dish with pork chops. Bake ½ hr longer.



## Arabian Stew

Select pork chops or other lean pork. Arrange in bottom of flat baking dish. On each piece of meat put  $\frac{1}{2}$  level T uncooked rice, 2 T tomatoes or thick slice of tomato. 1 thick slice of onion, 1 slice of green pepper & a pinch of salt. Add boiling water to cover. Bake  $1\frac{1}{2}$  hrs.

## New Orleans ham.

Place a 3 lb. piece of cured ham with flat surface in roaster. Stick cloves, 1 doz or more, in top. Spread 2 T or sorghum molasses over top.

Prepare 6 apples as for baking & put on top of roast, allowing  $\frac{1}{2}$  T of molasses to each apple. Pare sweet potatoes and carrots around roast. Add 2 c skimmed milk. Bake in hot oven about 1 hr.



Spice cake  
cherry sauce

## Vegetable Beef Stew.

2 lbs. brisket, rump or chuck beef

Fat for searing beef.

1 1/2 c boiling water

1/2 small onion chopped

2 c cubed carrots

2 T vinegar

2 cloves

2 c cubed potatoes

## Royal Scallop.

1 c chopped ham

1 c white sauce (med)

3/4 c toasted crumbs

4 hard cooked eggs.

Chop the egg whites & add to the white sauce. Beat the egg yolk & add to the chopped ham. Place in a buttered dish. Cover with crumbs. Bake 10 min.

Calum's Potatoes  
about what muffins  
dinner excellent salad



## Jamaica Pie (Bread & butter lettuce salad)

2 C tomato sauce  
2 C chopped cooked meat  
1 tsp salt  
1 small onion

1 green pepper (chopped)  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  C corn meal cooked  
in  $\frac{1}{2}$  C boiling <sup>salted</sup> water  
for  $\frac{1}{2}$  hr.  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  C grated cheese.

To 1 C tomato sauce, add meat, salt, onion, pepper & corn meal mush.  
Put in a pan, sprinkle with cheese &  
bake. Serve with remaining sauce  
to which has been added  $\frac{1}{2}$  C chopped  
olives.

## Irish stew

2 lbs. mutton  
2 C potatoes diced  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  C each turnips, carrots (diced)

$\frac{1}{2}$  onion (chopped)  
 $\frac{1}{4}$  C flour

Cut meat into small pieces, remove  
fat. Fry out fat & brown meat in it.  
When well browned, cover with boiling  
water. Boil 5 min. Cook at a lower  
temp. until meat is done. Add carrots,  
onions, turnips & salt. 45 min before  
serving add potatoes thickened with flour.



# Useful Information

## MULTIPLICATION TABLE

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
2	4	6	8	10	12	14	16	18	20	22	24
3	6	9	12	15	18	21	24	27	30	33	36
4	8	12	16	20	24	28	32	36	40	44	48
5	10	15	20	25	30	35	40	45	50	55	60
6	12	18	24	30	36	42	48	54	60	66	72
7	14	21	28	35	42	49	56	63	70	77	84
8	16	24	32	40	48	56	64	72	80	88	96
9	18	27	36	45	54	63	72	81	90	99	108
10	20	30	40	50	60	70	80	90	100	110	120
11	22	33	44	55	66	77	88	99	110	121	132
12	24	36	48	60	72	84	96	108	120	132	144

### Table Showing Value of Foreign Money in Dollars, Cents and Mills

As Established by an Act of Congress, March 3, 1873.

The Pound Sterling of England, Ireland and Scotland, — \$4.86 65.

Bel. — fr. Fr. — fr. The value of Bel. is 65c; of fr. is 24 1/2 c.

The Franc of France, Belgium and Switzerland, 10 s cts.

The Reichsmark (Royal mark) of the German Empire, 33 s cts.

The Crown of Denmark, Sweden and Norway, 33 s cts.

The Lira of Italy, and the Peseta of Spain, 19 s cts.

The Florin of Austria, 44 s.

The Guilder of Holland, 40 s.

The Dollar of Mexico, 94 s.

The Dollar of Mexico, 94 s.

The Ruble of Russia, 92 s.

The Milreis of Brazil, 54 s.

The Peso of Cuba, 50 s.

The Dollar of Canada, 100 s.

\*Note.—1. Stands for Pound Sterling; s. for Shillings; d. for Pence.

### Avoirdupois Weight

16 drams (dr.) make 1 oz.  
16 oz. " 1 lb.  
100 lbs. " 1 cwt.  
20 hundredwts. " 1 ton.

### Troy Weight

24 grains (gr.) make 1 pwt.  
20 pennyweights " 1 ounce.  
12 ounces " 1 lb.

### Apothecaries' Weight

20 grains make 1 scruple.  
3 scruples " 1 dram.  
8 drams " 1 ounce.  
16 ounces " 1 pound.

### Long Measure

12 inches make 1 foot.  
3 feet " 1 yard.  
5 1/2 yards " 1 fathom.  
16 1/2 fathoms " 1 mile or rod.  
32 rods " 1 furlong.  
8 furlongs " 1 mile.  
60 and one-eighth miles make 1 degree.  
360 rods " 1 mile.

### Square Measure

144 sq. in. make 1 sq. ft.  
9 sq. ft. " 1 sq. yd.  
36 sq. yds. " 1 acre.  
40 sq. poles " 1 rood.  
4 roods " 1 acre.  
640 acres " 1 sq. mile.

### Solid or Cubic Measure

1728 cu. in. make 1 cu. ft.  
27 cu. ft. " 1 cu. yard.  
128 cu. ft. " 1 cu. wood.  
216 cu. ft. " 1 perch stone.

Note.—A cord of wood is a pile 8 ft. long, 4 ft. wide and 4 ft. high; therefore, 8x4x4=128.

A perch of stone or brick is 16 1/2 ft. long, 1 1/2 ft. wide, and 1 ft. high.

### Dry Measure

2 pints (pt.) 1 quart.  
8 quarts (qt.) 1 peck.  
4 pecks (pk.) 1 bushel.  
36 bushels (bu.) 1 chaldron.

### Liquid Measure

4 gills make 1 qt.  
2 pints " 1 qt.  
4 quarts " 1 gal.  
128 minims " 1 fluid oz.  
16 fluid oz. " 1 pint.

### Paper Measure

24 sheets (sh.) make 1 quire.  
20 quires (qr.) " 1 ream.  
10 reams (r.) " 1 bale.

### Miscellaneous Denominations.

12 units make 1 dozen.  
12 doz. " 1 gross.  
12 gross " 1 gr. gross.  
48 units " 1 score.  
56 lbs. " 1 bruin butter.  
100 lbs. " 1 quintal of dried salt fish.  
100 lbs. make 1 cask of raisins.  
750 " " 1 bbl. of flour.  
350 " " 1 bbl. of beef.  
350 " " 1 bbl. of pork or fish.  
350 " " 1 bbl. of salt at the N. Y. State Salt Works.  
32 lbs. make 1 bush. of oats.  
56 " " 1 " of barley.  
56 " " 1 " of corn or rye.  
56 " " 1 " of wheat.

A score is 20.  
A hand is 4 inches.  
A fathom is 6 feet.  
A knot is 6082 feet.  
3 knots 1 league.



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*Karl Davis*



*Harty Taylor*

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THE PRISONER'S DREAM  
THE OLD PLUSH COVERED ALBUM  
THERE'LL COME A TIME  
THE RAMBLING BLUES  
WE BURIED HER BENEATH THE WILLOW  
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Near Mt. Vernon, Rockcastle County, Ky.

# DOC HOPKINS AND KARL AND HARTY OF THE *Cumberland Ridgerunners*

ONE day during the summer of 1910 a photographer traveling through the Kentucky mountains happened upon this little school house, so by mere accident we have the only picture ever taken of the Red Bud School, in which the Hopkins's, Taylor's and Davis's learned their ABC's. At the right is the teacher, Professor W. A. B. Davis, Karl's father. Third from the left, in the front row, is Doc Hopkins. Karl and Harty were probably at home swinging on the gate or playing in the barnloft for they were not old enough to be in school. It was in this little school and in the nearby Rose Hill Church that Doc Hopkins and Karl and Harty learned many of the good old songs that are so popular with the great masses of common every day folks.

Doctor Howard Hopkins (Doc) was born in Harlan County, Ky. on January 26, 1900, and was the seventh son, hence the name Doctor, for according to mountain tradition a seventh son is supposed to have 'healing powers'. When he was a very small boy the Hopkins family moved to a farm near Mt. Vernon where Doc grew up just like any other country boy. At an early age he was the best guitar player in the county and entertained at all the community gatherings with his playing and singing. Before he was 21 years old he had seen service in the army and marine corps and served with the A.E.F. in France during the World War. His first radio experience was at WHAS, Louisville, Ky., and since 1930 has been on radio continuously over several midwest stations. Doc was married to Miss Mary Locke of Kansas City, Mo., in 1933 and they have one small son, Dockie Jr.

Karl Davis was born in Mt. Vernon, Ky., on Dec. 17, 1905. He was the youngest of ten children. He was educated in the public schools and graduated from the Mt. Vernon High School in 1928. After which he attended Centre College, in Danville, Ky. In school he was an all-round athlete, starring in basketball and baseball. In 1933 he married Miss Jean Harris of Winchester, Ky., his boyhood sweetheart and daughter of his old school teacher. They have a little girl, Diana Jean. Incidentally Karl is an uncle of Shelby Jean Davis, "The Little Mountain Sweetheart" who sings on the Cumberland Ridgerunners programs.

Hartford C. Taylor (Harty) was born in Mt. Vernon, Ky., on April 11, 1905. He was the son of a blacksmith and one of a large family of children. Harty also went to the public schools in Mt. Vernon where he graduated from High School in 1923. After graduation he worked in the drugstore, postoffice and one of the banks in his home town. He married Miss Betty Mulliner of Galesburg, Illinois in 1928. They have two children, Betty Conn and Billy.

Like Doc Hopkins, Karl and Harty took to 'Mountain Music' at an early age and most any time you could find the boys in Davis's barn or Taylor's blacksmith shop picking away on the mandolin and guitar. According to an old saying "Birds of a feather, flock together" so when Doc returned home from the World War the three boys organized a string band known as the Crazy Kats and became well known throughout Eastern and Central Kentucky. Soon they were playing frequently over radio station WHAS at Louisville. In 1930 through the influence of their good friend, Bradley Kincaid the three boys got on station WLS in Chicago and became known throughout the country as "The Cumberland Ridgerunners."

In closing, it is appropriate to dedicate this book to the millions of radio friends and listeners who have made their success possible and to three people in particular: Bradley Kincaid (The Kentucky Mountain Boy) through whose influence they got on the radio.

Fiddling Jack McCoy, who obligingly arranged the music to many of the songs in this book.

Ervin Viktor (Uncle Ervin) our most able and loved announcer who was first to introduce this book over the air.



Arr. by Mort. H. Glickman

# No Place to Pillow My Head

By Doc Hopkins

1. Once I was hap-py with heart free from care Had a Dad-dy and Ma-ma so sweet —  
 2. I long for those hands so gen-tle and warm That tucked me a - way in my bed —  
 3. My dad-dy is rest-ing far o-ver the sea In the fields where pop-pies peep through —

Dolls and a dog-gie and play-things so dear, And stock-ings and shoes on my feet — But  
 I miss that sweet voice and the lul-la-by song At night when my prayers are said — No  
 Mark'd by the cross that shrines the green lea Be - side his com-rade so true — His

now through this world I must wan-der a - lone Beg-ging for pen-nies and bread — For  
 one was so kind, so gen-tle and true No treas-ure more pre-cious could be — In a  
 soul it has gone to the Fa-ther a - bove May his slum-ber be peace-ful and sweet — The

I have no Dad-dy no Ma-ma nor home. No place to pil-low my head. —  
 beau-ti - ful gar-den in Heav-en a - bove I know she is wait-ing for me. —  
 bat-tle is o - ver for him o - ver there The bu-gle has sound-ed re - treat. —

## CHORUS

No home — no home — No place to pil-low my head — The



day seems so sad and the night is so long since Dad-dy and Ma-ma are dead.

Arr. by  
Mort H. Glickman

## Darling Think of What You've Done

By Karl & Harty

1. I was born in south-ern Tex-as To North Car-o-lin-a I did  
2. Her hair was of a dark brown col-or And her cheeks of ros-y  
3. When I sleep I dream a-bout her When I'm a-wake I know no  
4. Ma-ma says that we can mar-ry Pa-pa says it'll nev-er  
5. I'd rath-er be up some dark hol-low Where the sun will nev-er  
6. When I'm dead and in my cas-ket With my pale face to the

roam There I met a lit-tle wo-man Her age and  
red Upon her breast she wore white lin-en Oh the  
rest Ev-'ry mo-ment seems an hour Oh what  
do Some dark night we'll take a ram-ble Ram-ble a-  
shine Than to see her moth-er's dar-ling And to  
sun You may shed your tears up-on me Dar-ling

name I did not know Her age and name I did not know  
tears that I have shed Oh the tears that I have shed  
ach-ing in my breast Oh what ach-ing in my breast  
lone just me and you Ram-ble a-lone just me and you  
know she'll never be mine And to know she'll never be mine  
think of what you've done Dar-ling think of what you've done



Arr. by  
Mort H. Glickman

# I'm Here to Get My Baby Out of Jail

By Karl & Harty

1. I'm not in your town to stay, Said a la-dy old and gray to the war-den of a  
 2. I've tried to raise my baby right I have prayed both day and night, That he'd nev-er fol-low  
 3. It is just five years to-day Since my hus-band pass'd a-way He was found be-neath the  
 4. I will pawn you my watch I will pawn you my chain I will pawn you  
 5. Then we heard the war-den say To this la-dy old and gray I will bring your ba-

pen-i-tent-i-ary I'm not in your town to stay and I'll  
 foot-steps of his dad I have searched both far and wide I had  
 snow so cold so white I made a vow to keep his ring And his  
 my di-a-mond ring I will wash all your clothes I will  
 by boy to your side Two iron gates swung wide a-part She held

soon be on my way I'm just here to get my ba-by out of jail, yes war-den-  
 feared that he had died And at last I find my ba-by here in jail, yes war-den-  
 gold watch and his chain But the coun-ty laid my hus-band in the ground, yes war-den-  
 scrub all your floors If that will get my ba-by out of jail, yes war-den-  
 her darling to her heart She kissed her ba-by boy and she died, but smil-ing,

I'm just here to get my ba-by out of jail  
 But it's good to find my ba-by here in jail.  
 The county laid my ba-by's pa-pa in the ground.  
 You know I want my dar-ling out of jail.  
 In the arms of her dear boy there she died.



Arr. by Mort H. Glickman

# The Pal that is Always True

By Doc Hopkins

1. Who sang to you Rock-a-lve my ha-by — Who held you close to her breast —  
When friends and pals for sake you — And bur-dens hard to bear —  
And when you're gone from the fire-side — Where you spent hap-py hours at play —

Who told you the stor-y of the sand-man — and told you gen-tly to rest —  
Then you will turn your foot-steps homeward — you'll find a wel-come there —  
There's some-one there watch-ing and wait-ing — tho' her hair has turned to gray —

Who made your child-hood hap-py — and shared ev-ery sor-row with you —  
You're al-ways moth-ers ha-by — she's the first one on earth that you knew —  
Then strive to nev-er grieve her — she's an an-gel that God gave to you —

It was no one else but moth-er — the pal that is al-ways true. —  
There is no one else like moth-er — the pal that is al-ways true. —  
There is no one else like moth-er — the pal that is al-ways true. —

**CHORUS**  
There was nev-er a pal like moth-er — no one so gen-tle and true. — You will

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nev - er find an - oth - er — Tho' you search the whole world through — she will stand by  
 you in trou - ble — Like no one else will do — There is no one else like  
 moth - er — The pal that is al - way true. — There was true. —

Arr. by  
Mort H. Glickman

## Farewell to Tombigbee

By Karl & Harty and  
Patrick Mc Adory

1. I had a home by the Tom - big - bee Where I spent my boy - hood days —  
 2. When I got back to the Tom - big - bee Then I paused be - fore her door —  
 3. She had givn her heart in true, true love I could see it all too plain —

— With a girl whose heart was as pure as gold Oh curse my wand - ering ways —  
 — For a light in the win - dow beck - oned me, To see my darling once more —  
 — For she held him tight and her eyes shone bright While I' stood out in the rain —



A long long time I've been a way And I just came back last night  
 But I saw an - oth - er within her arms And she smiled so ten - der - ly  
 Far far a - way from the Tom - big - bee In some far dis - tant land

Ex - pect - ing she would wel - come me and kiss and hold me tight.  
 And a dark gray cloud came o'er the sky And wept to - gether with me.  
 I long to be for she's not for me She'll nev - er love me again.

CHORUS  
 The moon shines bright on the Tom - big - bee The owl in the dale calls

mourn - ful - ly The wind blows soft o'er the Tom - big - bee Fare - well deep

riv - er fare - well Fare - well old riv - er fare - well.



Arr. by  
Nick Manoloff

# The Old Chain Gang

7

By Doc Hopkins  
& Pat Mc Adory

Moderato

1. My hon - ey dear, I know you're gon - na ask Just where I've been,  
2. They sent me up on a two year bid I soon for - got  
3. Night and day I didn't get to rest Just hold me tight  
4. You'd nev - er dream what a life I led On the old chain gang  
5. That old chain gang is a tough old crew The boss is hard,  
6. The boss was off on a drunk one day I drug my chain  
7. I hit the road, and I flipped a freight She was going fast  
8. Now hon - ey dear, if they hit my trail They're gon - na

— Since I saw you last, Well I've been down where the ham - mers  
— what it was I did, They chained me down with a doz - en  
— to your lov - ing breast See where the chain on my an - kle  
— you're bet - ter off dead I'll never for - get those songs we  
— I'm tell - ing you He drug me out thro' the cell house  
— where a crow - bar lay I drove her down and the lock she  
— but I could - n't wait I hit that floor with an aw - ful  
— land me back in jail Let's kiss good - bye for I rath - er

clang. Yes I've been down on the old chain gang.  
men I can't be - lieve I'm in your arms again.  
swang Well that's the mark of the old chain gang.  
sang Out break - ing rocks on the old chain gang.  
door And laid me out on the old stone floor.  
sprang I said good bye to the old chain gang.  
bang But I was free from the old chain gang.  
hang Than to go back on the old chain gang.



# The Holiness Mother

By Karl & Harty

Arr. by Mort H. Glickman

1. If you'll pause for a mo-ment and lis - ten — A sto-ry to you we'll con - vey —  
 2. They say that her sons may be found now — In the tav-erns each night mak-ing gay —

Of a dear old fash-ion-ed moth-er — Who was known as Mother Mc Crea — The poor thing  
 — Doing just what had caus'd their dear mother To go the Hol-i-ness way — It was thenshe had

died bro-ken heart-ed — Her own sons had cast her a-side — And this my dear friends was the rea-son  
 gone there to pray for — Her own soul was clean, pure and sound But there's coming a 'Great Judgement Morning

— She went to her Lord to a - bide. — She had joined the Hol-i-ness Church — And because she had  
 — When they'll weep o'er her green grassy mound. They'll run to the hol - i - ness Church — And they'll all shout with

gone there to shout — Her rich sons were shameful and mad — And had cru-el-ly cast her out. —  
 glo-ry and pray — That the Lord will ac-cept them as his — And give back dear Mother Mc Crea. —

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# Song of the

Arr. by Mort H. Glickman

Slowly

1. Friends I can-not see my way Dark-ness hides the light of day And I have to feel my  
 2. Oh friends I'm all a-lone In this dark world to roam My fa-ther died when  
 3. While I wan-der thro' this land Friends must lead me by the hand Pray-ing God will keep the  
 4. When my life on earth is done And I jour-ney to my home An-gels fair will guide my

way from place to place. If I could on-ly see smiles of those so dear to  
 I was four years old Mother she de-parted too How I miss her love so  
 pit-falls from my way. In his bless-ed word he said When the graves give up their  
 foot-steps all the way. Heaven's beau-ty I shall share There will be no dark-ness

me But on earth I know I'll nev-er see their face.  
 true But I'll see them when we walk the street of gold.  
 dead We will see him in his glo-ry that sweet day If there should come a  
 there For the Lord will give the blind their sight that day.

day when you could not see your way And the sun on earth for you would nev-er shine Dark-ness  
 all your whole life thro' Oh how sad and lone-ly too God have pi-ty on the blind.

CHORUS



Arr. by  
Mort H. Glickman

# I'm Going Home This Evening

By Karl & Hardy  
and McAdory

1. There is grief with - in the cir - cle as the old clock strikes the hour  
 2. Let me say to those who loved me do not shed your tears for me  
 3. The life my mak - er gave me He chose to end this way  
 4. Now the day is near - ly o - ver and the sun was al - most gone

For a dear one's life is fad - ing like a prec - ious ten - der flower  
 For I know the Lord will take me to a land be - yond the sea  
 And I know I'll be so hap - py in the land of shin - ing day  
 But her face was bright and shin - ing with the light of Heav - enly dawn

To her loved ones by her bed side she says my life is done  
 What a joy 'twill be to meet him for he loves us ev - ery one  
 No pain, nor care, nor sor - row for my days on earth are done  
 She gent - ly closed her eye - lids for an an - gel now had come

And I'm go - ing home this eve - ning with the sink - ing of the sun.  
 And I'm go - ing home this eve - ning with the sink - ing of the sun.  
 I am go - ing home to Je - sus with the sink - ing of the sun.  
 And she fell a - sleep in Je - sus with the sink - ing of the sun.

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Arr. by Mort H. Glickman

## The Range in the Sky

By Doc Hopkins

1. There's a range a-way up yon-der in the sky ——— Where old pals will ride to-geth-er bye and  
 2. There's a tal-ly book up yon-der in the sky ——— Ev - ery brand from all the rang-es, bye and  
 3. When it's round up time up yon-der in the sky ——— And the boss of all the rid-ers bye and

bye, ——— Up a - bove the milk-y way there the dog-gies nev-er stray I'm going to  
 bye, ——— Will be count-ed one by one when the brand-ing here is done I'm going to  
 bye, ——— Counts the rus-ty and the stray, on that last great round up day. I'm going to

**CHORUS**

ride that range up yon-der bye and bye Bye and bye ——— Bye and bye ———  
 ride that range up yon-der bye and bye  
 ride that range up yon-der bye and bye

Going to hit that long, long trail up to the sky ——— No more sand or burn-ing sun when my  
 last day's work is done I'm going to ride that range up yon-der bye and bye Bye and bye.



Arr. by  
Mort H. Glickman

# They're All Going Home But One

By Karl & Harty and  
Patrick McAdory

1. There were five of us boys in the fam-ily — We told our dear moth-er good-bye —  
2. To - night when it's dark in the pri - son — I'll stand look-ing out thro' the bars —

— We left our dear home down in Geor-gia — Our luck in the ci - ty to try —  
— I'll think of my moth-er in Geor-gia — I can still see her eyes in the stars —

— We a-greed to go back there and see her — When two years had passed a way —  
— The oth-ers were stead-fast and loy - al — No tears will they cause her to shed —

— She told us that she would be wait-ing — And two years are o - ver to - day —  
— But I was the one that dis-graced her — A crim-in - al bet-ter off dead. —

They're all go - ing home to moth-er to - night — They're all go - ing back but one. —

Chords: C, F, G7, G7, C, C, C, F, G7, G7, C, C, C, F, C, A7, Dm, G7, C, C, F, G7, Dm7, G7, C.



And moth-er will be so hap-py to - night and proud of each for-tun-ate son —

But one of her boys will be miss-ing — There's one she will fail to see —

— They'll all be there with moth-er to - night They're all go - ing home but one. —

Arr. by Mort H. Glickman

## Cabin Just Over the Hill

By Doc Hopkins

1. Once a-gain the night-in-gale is sing-ing — Bright the stars peep from a-  
 2. Spring has come and now a-mong the flow-ers — Where we wand-ered hap-py and  
 3. When my lone-ly days, they know their num-ber, — When they lay me down to —

Love — In my mem-ry sweet-ly ring-ing — Lives the voice of  
 Joy — Just to pass a-way the hours, — Birds are sing-ing  
 And — In that lit-tle spot let me slum-ber — By the side of one I

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one I love. \_\_\_\_\_  
 all the day. \_\_\_\_\_  
 love the best. \_\_\_\_\_

They have borne her to the church yard \_\_\_\_\_  
 Alas for me their song has end - ed \_\_\_\_\_  
 She is wait-ing just beyond the sha - dows \_\_\_\_\_

Chords: A7, D7, G, C, G

There they gent - ly laid her down \_\_\_\_\_  
 O'er the mead-ow green and deep, \_\_\_\_\_  
 Soon I'll know no ach - ing heart, \_\_\_\_\_

She is sleep-ing sweet - ly \_\_\_\_\_  
 Hand in hand with her \_\_\_\_\_  
 Then we'll wan-der through the \_\_\_\_\_

Chords: G, Bm, A7, D7, Am7, Gdim

sleep-ing \_\_\_\_\_  
 wan - der \_\_\_\_\_  
 green meadows \_\_\_\_\_

'Neath a lit - tle grass cov-ered mound. \_\_\_\_\_  
 Once a - gain when I go to sleep. \_\_\_\_\_  
 In the land where lov-ers nev - er part. \_\_\_\_\_

When I hear the \_\_\_\_\_

Chords: G, A7, D7, G, CHO. G

whip - poor-will call - ing \_\_\_\_\_  
 Then my heart with long - ing fills \_\_\_\_\_

Chords: G, G, A7, D7

There's no light to - night to greet me \_\_\_\_\_  
 In my ca - bin just o - ver the hill. \_\_\_\_\_

Chords: Am7, Gdim, G, E7, Am7, D7, G



# Nobody's Darling

By  
WILL S. HAYS

Guitar Chords: G, E7, Am, D7, G, G7

Moderato

1. Out in the cold world a lone  
 (Par-ent-less, friend-less and on earth  
 CHO: No - bo - dy's dar - ling

Walk - ing a bout in the streets,  
 Noth - ing but sor - row I see,  
 Hea - ven will mer - ci - ful be,

Ask - ing a pen - ny for bread  
 I am no - bo - dy's dar - ling  
 There I am some - bo - dy's dar - ling

Beg - ging for some - thing to eat,  
 No - bo - dy cares for me  
 Some - bo - dy cares for me

2. No one to kiss me goodnight,  
 No one to put me to bed  
 Up in an attic alone,  
 Weeping for those who are dead.  
 Merciless winds chill my form,  
 Sitting on Poverty's knee,  
 I am nobody's darling,  
 Nobody cares for me.

3. Often at night when I kneel  
 Lifting my sorrowful eyes  
 Asking my mother to smile  
 Down on her child from the skies,  
 Then I forget all my grief  
 Mother in heaven I see.  
 There I'm somebody's darling.  
 Somebody cares for me.

# Good-bye, Maggie

By  
J. GUEST

Guitar Chords: C, G7, C, G7, C, G7, G7, G7

Moderato

1. By a cot - tage in the twi - light stood a sol - dier and a maid.  
 cheeks the tear-drops flow - ing, fear - ing least she bids him stay.  
 CHO: Good-bye Mag - gie, good-bye, dar - ling, though I'll think of you each day.

Sol - emn words were be - ing spo - ken For his coun - try need - ed aid. Down her  
 And but firm - ly comes the an - swer "Mag - gie, dear, I'm called a - way!"  
 "Tha - t's all that I must leave you, "Mag - gie, dear, I'm called a - way!"

2. Hear the tramp of martial footsteps  
 Leading by her cottage door  
 And a soldier's bidding loudly  
 Leave her whom he'll see no more.  
 See him wave his hand at parting,  
 Hear him sigh and softly say  
 Say your love my little darling  
 Maggie, dear, I'm called away

3. There has been a fearful conflict.  
 Victory has been nobly won  
 And a youthful soldier's dying  
 Ere his life has well begun.  
 Comrades, he is feebly saying,  
 I shall never live till day.  
 If you are spared to see my darling  
 Tell her I was called away.



## Cradle's Empty, Baby's Gone

By Harry Kennedy

1. Lit-tle emp-ty cra-dle treas-ur'd now with care, Tho' thy prec-ious bur-den it has fled.  
 2. Near a shad-y val-ley stands a gras-sy mound, Un-der-neath my lit-tle dar-ling sleeps.

How we miss the locks of cur-ly gold-en hair, Peep-ing from thy ti-ny snow-white bed,  
 Blos-soms sweet, and ros-es clus-ter all a-round; O-ver head the wil-low si-lent weeps

When the dim-pled cheeks and lit-tle laugh-ing eyes From the rum-pled pil-low shone,  
 There I laid my loved one in the long a-go, And my heart doth sad-ly moan,

Then I gazed with glad-ness, now I look and sigh, Emp-ty is the cra-dle, ba-by's gone.  
 Tho' she's with the an-gels, still I fain would weep; Emp-ty is the cra-dle, ba-by's gone.

CHO  
 Ba-by left her cra-dle for the gold-en shore, O'er the sil-v'ry wa-ters she has flown,



Gone to join the an - gels peaceful ev - er - more, Empty is the cra - dle, ba - by's gone

# There'll Come A Time

By Chas. K. Harris

Arr. by Nick Manoloff

Tempo di Valse

1. Why are you sad, Pa - pa, my dar - ling, Why are those tears, Fall - ing to - day,  
2. Let me know all, Pa - pa, my dar - ling, Tell me I pray, Of moth - er dear,  
3. Some years a - go, Well I re - mem - ber, Your moth - er child, Left home one night,

Why do you look At me so strangely, Have I done wrong, Tell me I pray,  
Where has she gone, Why did she leave us, Why is her name Nev - er heard here?  
She fled, a - las, Fled with an - oth - er, 'Tis the old tale, Vanished from sight,

No, no, my child, You are an an - gel, There's not a heart Pur - er than thine,  
I nev - er felt Her arms a - bout me, Nor her sweet lips Prest close to mine,  
'Twas but a year, Back to the old home, She came to die, Yes, ba - by mine,



Yet I've a fear, Some day you'll leave me, Just as your moth-er did, There'll come a time.  
 I'd give my life, On - ly to see her, Tell me dear pa - pa, will There come a time.  
 That's why I fear, Some day you'll leave me, Just as your moth-er did, There'll come a time.

CHORUS  
 There'll come a time, some day, ——— When I have passed a - way, ———

There'll be no fa - ther to guide you, From day to day, ———

Think well of all I've said: ——— Hon - or the man you wed: ———

Al - ways re - mem - ber my sto - ry, There'll come a time. ———



Arr. by  
Mort H. Glickman

# The Prisoner's Dream

By Karl & Harty  
and Pat Mc Adory

1. Last night as I lay dream - ing I dream'd a dream so fair I  
2. I dream'd she called me darl - ing, Kissed me and held me tight I  
3. I dream'd a dream so love - ly Heav-en on earth it seemed My

dream'd a - bout my darl - ing The rose was in her hair I  
dream'd that we were mar - ried Dream'd of a star - ry night I  
wife and lit - tle chil - dren Came to me in that dream They

dream'd I left this pris - on Start-ed in life a new She  
dream'd a - bout our chil - dren Play-ing a - round my knee They  
threw their arms a - round me I was their pride and joy My

told me that she loved me Told me her love was true.  
loved me called me dad dy They tho't the world of me. It was on - ly a  
lit - tle wife she loved me I was her dar - ling boy.

CHO. dream — just a pris-on-ers dream — As I lay on my cold pri-son bed.

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My dreams of you can nev-er come true. Dear girl I wish that I were dead.

Arr. by  
Mort H. Glickman

## There's No Other Love for Me

By Karl & Harty

1. Last night while a big moon was shin-ing  
2. In my pock-et I have a bright shill-ing  
3. By the chap-el we plant-ed a rose bush  
4. How hap-py I was with my darl-ing  
5. Each day I have been to the chap-el  
6. But oh as she gazed in the crys-tal  
7. Lit-tle dar-ling I know you are dwell-ing

That caused the black night to be gray—  
Use the crys-tal the cards or my hand—  
The ros-es are now oh so red—  
As we stood side by side there each day—  
I have watch'd the small buds change to flowers.  
She brushed my poor head with her hand—  
In a beau-ti-ful home o'er the sea—

I went where the gyp-sies were camp-ing And to their fair prin-cess did say.  
But tell me of my lit-tle darl-ing If my poor bro-ken heart you would mend.  
He promised that when they were blooming He would come to me and we would wed.  
Then his father found work in the ci-ty They moved and went far far a-way.  
My tear drops have dampened their pet-als I have wait-ed and watch'd there for hours.  
There were flowers and heart bro-ken peo-ple A cas-ket of white on a stand.  
I will keep my sad heart near the rose bush There's no oth-er love for me.



# Sinner Man, Where You Gonna Hide

Arr. by  
Mort H. Glickman

By Doc Hopkins

1. Gods' wrath is sure-ly com-ing This e-vil world will start to  
2. You'll go down to the bank of the river Riv-er can't quench that mighty  
3. When the last trump has sound-ed And the life book is

burn-ing Too late to pray on that great morn-ing  
fire Then your die will be cast for - ev - er  
o - pened Then you find your sins are writ - ten

Oh sin-ner where you gon-na hide  
Oh sin-ner where you gon-na hide You'll pray for the rocks and  
Oh sin-ner where you gon-na hide

the moun-tains Rocks and the mountains They wont hear you on that great

judgment morn-ing Oh sin-ner where you gon-na hide.

**Chords:** D7, G, Dm7, C, D, G, A7, CHO, G, D7, C, A7 (7b), G, D7, C, A7, E7, Am7, D7, G.



Arr. by  
Mort. H. Gluckman

# The House Where We Were Wed

By Karl & Harty

1. I've been to the old farm-house, my wife, where you and I were wed. — Where the  
 2. The sun went down as it used to do, and sank in the sea of night. — The  
 3. But there be words can ne'er be un-said, and deeds can ne'er be un-done — Ex -

love was born to our two hearts that now lie cold and dead — Where a  
 two bright stars that we called ours, came slow - ly in - to sight. — But the  
 cept per - haps in an-oth - er world, where life's once more be - gun. — And may -

long kept se-cret to you I told in the yel - low beams of the moon — And  
 one that was mine went under a cloud, went under a cloud a - lone. — And a  
 be some time in the time to come, when a few more years are sped — We'll

we made vows of — love's old gold to be bro - ken oh so soon. —  
 tear that I wouldn't have shed for the world, fell down on the old gray stone. —  
 love a - gain as we used to love, in the house where we were wed. —



Arr. by  
Mort H. Glickman

# The Old Plush Covered Album

By  
Doc Hopkins

1. In an old fashioned plush covered al - bum Are the fac - es we love so dear —  
2. Since loved ones so dear have de - part - ed This world seems emp - ty and sad —

— Tho' fa - ded and torn are the pa - ges — And stained by ma - ny a tear —  
— As I gaze on those prec - ious old tin - types — The best friends that I e'er had —

— Oh its con - tents bring ma - ny fond mem - ries — Of youth and the joys that it gave —  
— In fan - cy I go back to child - hood — And join them in song and in glee —

— Still I keep and I trea - sure the pic - tures — From the cradle to the grave —  
— But all there is left now to cher - ish — Are those pic - tures dear to me —

## CHORUS

Time can - not blot out the beau - ty — Nor dim the sweet mem - ry so fair, — For



moth-er dad-dy and ba-by — And all of my loved ones are there — The

chain is not bro-ken for-ev-er — The links in my al-bum I save. — With the

sweet love that binds us to-gether — From the cra-dle to the grave. —

Arr. by  
Mort H. Glickman

## My Father's Whiskers

By Karl & Harty

1. I have a dear old fa-ther, for whom I night-ly pray — He has a set of

2. At sup-per in the eve-ning, a round the sup-per group — My dear old fa-ther's

3. My dear old moth-er chews them at night when she's a - sleep — And dreams that she is

4. My fa-ther has a fliv-ver, he calls it his mach-ine — His whisk-ers are so

5. My fa-ther went to Flan-der, he was not killed you see — He hid be-hind his



whis - kers And they're always in the way. —  
 whis - kers They get tangled in the soup. —  
 eat - ing A bowl of shred - ded wheat. — They're al - ways in the way, The  
 long — That they strain the gas - o' - line. —  
 whis - kers And he fooled the en - e - my. —

cows chew them for hay They hide the dirt on fa - thers shirt, They're al - ways in the way. —

## The Little Blind Singer

Arr. by  
Mort H. Glickman

By Karl & Harty

1. I know what moth - ers face is like, al - though I can - not see. —  
 2. I know what fa - thers face is like, I'm sure I know it all —  
 3. So I can tell what God is like, the God whom no one sees —

It's like the mu - sic of a bell, it's like the way the ros - es  
 It's like his step up - on the stair, it's like his whis - tle on the  
 He's ev - ry - thing my moth - er means he's ev - 'ry - thing my fa - ther



smell It's like the se - crets fair - ies tell All these it's like to me. —  
 air It's like his arms that take such care And nev - er let me fall. —  
 seems He's like my ver - y sweet - est dreams But great - er than all these. —

Arr. by  
Mort H. Glickman

## Them Ramblin' Blues

By Doc Hopkins

1. When God made the world He made it round Made my feet and a lot of ground, Lord, Lord,  
 2. just got the sky up o'er my head Moth - er Na - ture makes my bed. Lord, Lord,  
 3. nev - er go - ing to set - tle down Just going to keep on cover - ing ground, Lord, Lord,  
 4. When I reach my jour - ney's end, Just dig my grave and roll me in, Lord, Lord,

got them old ram - lin' blues — Got no bread and I got no meat Just got a tick - le - in'  
 got them old ram - lin' blues — Got no dough, don't need no fare But when I'm due, then  
 got them old ram - lin' blues — Got no moss growing o - ver me, A roll - ing stone I'll  
 goin' to die with the old ramblin' blues — Carve these words on a lit - tle stone "He's been here, but he's

in my feet. Lord, Lord, got them old ram - bl - in' blues I've —  
 I'll be there Lord, Lord, got them old ram - bl - in' blues I'm —  
 al - ways be, Lord, Lord, got them old ram - bl - in' blues. —  
 done and gone? Lord, Lord, died with the old ram - bl - in' blues. —



# The Song Of Old Marie

Arr. by Mort H. Glickman

By Karl and Harty

1. The sweet - est song I ev - er heard. A gray - haired wo - man sang —  
 2. And as she raised two trem - bling hands To hold her poor old head —  
 3. Some - where there's a grass - y mound An un - known sol - diers grave —

'Twas Spring - time and all flow - ers bloomed And I was on a train —  
 We called the cap - tain of the train And this is what he said, —  
 And pure and white the pop - pies grow To praise the life he gave —

We'd just pulled in - to Lin - den town, A vil - lage by the sea —  
 "For for - ty years in Lin - den town My train's pulled in at three —  
 "You'll ne - ver re - turn to Lin - den, Jack The vil - lage by the sea —

And through the win - dows of the coach Came the song of old Ma - rie —  
 For for - ty years my poor heart's thro'd To the song of old Ma - rie —  
 But soon a break - ing heart will ease And Ma - rie will come to thee. —

CHO. When will Jack re - turn home to me —



Is he on your train Tell me sir I plead My  
heart is sad my eyes are blurred My skies are nev - er blue And  
then she bowed her head and cried Boo - hoo - hoo - hoo.

## We Buried Her Beneath The Willow

Arr. by  
Mort H. Glickman

By  
The Cumberland Ridge Runners

1. One day an an - gel came down from heaven An en - voy of our God a - bove;  
2. Through all her pain she sang and smiled, A love - ly smile of heav'n - ly birth,  
From this great world to choose a to - ken That all his throng in heav'n would love.  
And when God's an - gel called her homeward, She gen - tly smiled fare - well to earth.



A soft song fell with-in His hear-ing He picked our girl her soul, her voice  
Heav-en re-tain-eth now our treas-ure This lone-ly earth her cas-ket keeps

To-day our part-ner sings in heav-en God praised the an-gel for His choice  
But still the sun-beams love to lin-ger A-bove the grave where Lin-da sleeps

CHO. We bur-ied her be-neath the wil-low With heads bow'd low we walked a-way,

God need-ed her to sing in heav-en; We'll meet a-gain on that bright day.

Arr. by  
Mort. H. Glickman

# The Answer To A Prisoner's Dream

By Karl and Harty &  
Patrick Mc Adory

1. Last night I dreamed of you, dear Dreamed that you came to me You  
2. I nev-er can for-get, dear All that you meant to me Now  
3. I nev-er give up hope, dear Some day the time will come When



held me in your arms, dear  
since they took you to from me  
we will be to geth - er

My pray'rs had set you free.  
Sor - row is all I see  
Af - ter this life is done

I've In

dream'd a - bout you dar - ling  
all my dreams you're near me  
know I'll meet you there, love

Man - y a lone - ly night  
As in the long a - go  
Cast - ing all pain a - way

But The I'll

dar - ling, must I al - ways  
morn - ing sun then ris - ing  
hold you in my arms then

Find with the morn - ing light.  
Wakes me and then I know. It was on - ly a  
Nev - er a - gain to say.

CHO. dream — Just a beau - ti - ful dream — For those stone walls still hold us a - part —

I love you so — You nev - er will know — Dear boy you'll al - ways have my heart. —



held since we me they took in your arms, dear me  
 we will be you to - geth - er My pray'rs had set you free.  
 Af - ter this life I is see done I've  
 I've

dream'd a - bout you dar - ling  
 all my dreams you're near me  
 know I'll meet you there, love Man - y a lone - ly  
 As in the long a - night  
 Cast - ing all pain a - go way But  
 The Ill

dar - ling, must I al - ways  
 morn - ing sun then ris - ing  
 hold you in my arms then Find with the morn - ing light.  
 Nev - er a - gain to say. It was on - ly a

CHO. dream — Just a beau - ti - ful dream — For those stone walls still hold us a - part —

I love you so — You nev - er will know — Dear boy you'll al - ways have my heart. —



Arr. by  
Mort. H. Glickman

# Asleep in the Briny Deep

By  
Doc Hopkins

1. In a lit-tle town — far a-cross the sea — Where the stee-ple towers —  
 2. There's a sto-ry told — of a maid-en fair — Who — cher-ish-ed not —  
 3. She — watch'd his sails — go — out of sight — She — wait-ed for —  
 4. She — thought of him — in an-oth-er port — And — maid-ens there —  
 5. Oh — light house send — your bright-est light — A - cross the an - gry —  
 6. Then — came the storm — with wind and rain — A — maid-ens prayrs —  
 7. His — ship went down — so — it was said — Her — lov - er to —  
 8. Oh — bil - lows on — the o - cean wide — Oh — waves that swell —

— far a - bove the trees — There the lov - ers stroll — In the  
 — a — lov - er there — But she loved a sailor — to his  
 — him — day and night — For — his re - turn — that  
 — he'd — chance to court — But he prom-ised her — o'er the  
 — waves to - night — Let your bell ring far — this —  
 — were — all in vain — The — break-ers roared — but —  
 — his — o - cean bed — In her wed-ding gown —  
 — the — roll - ing tide — Dis - turb them not —

moon-light glow — By the brin-y sea — where the bree-zes blow —  
 brave and true — Who — was sail - ing — on the brin-y blue —  
 na - tive shore — To — hold her in — his — arms once more —  
 hed be true — While sail - ing — on the brin-y blue —  
 brin - y sea — To — guide my lover — — back to me —  
 on the shore — And — now her lover — — comes no more —  
 maid-en brave — Joined him in his — wa - ter - y grave —  
 guard their sleep — On the o - cean bed — in the brin-y deep —



Arnby  
Nick Manoloff

# A Broken Heart

By Karl & Harty  
and Pat Mc Adory

Moderato

1. Not long a - go I was so gay I sang and danced  
2. Oh you were false But I was true And on the square  
3. I think a - bout You con-stant - ly I love you still  
4. My friends all say That you're no good But I'd take you back  
5. Our flame of love Was burn-ing strong I can't be - lieve  
6. Our love is gone And ev - ery thrill Has tum-bled down

— From day to day, But now to day, The skies are  
— All the time with you My heart is sore From Cu - pids  
— But you don't love me I sit and sigh, Cause we're a -  
— I know I would My mem - o - ries Do grief im -  
— It's real - ly gone I wait in hopes For just one  
— Like Jack and Jill In dreams I still See you sweet

dark But that's the way With a bro-ken heart.  
dart But that's the way With a bro-ken heart.  
part But that's the way With a bro-ken heart.  
part But that's the way With a bro-ken heart.  
spark But that's the way With a bro-ken heart.  
heart But that's the way With a bro-ken heart.



# Friendless and Sad

Arr. by Mort H. Glickman

By Karl & Harty

1. Friendless and sad I am dream-ing ———— Dream-ing in sor-row a-lone ————  
 2. Queen of the grac-es they called me ———— Lov-ers were plead-ing to woo ————  
 3. Grief is my on-ly com-pan-ion ———— Pleas-ures are now of the past ————

Crav-ing a heart-felt de-vo-tion ———— Sigh-ing for moth-er and home ————  
 Then came the choice of an i-dol ———— One that I thought would be true ————  
 Shad-ows are loom-ing be-fore me ———— Shad-ows I fear that will last ————

Ma-ny were ten-der and loy-al ———— Joys were pre-vad-ing the air ————  
 Old as the world is my sto-ry ———— Leav-ing a hav-en of light ————  
 Those who would smile now are frown-ing ———— Point-ing the fin-ger of scorn ————

Love was the theme of my bal-lad ———— Love was the light of my prayer. ————  
 I have suf-fered shame and de-ser-tion ———— Find-ing my life was a blight. ————  
 I used to think earth was heav-en ———— Now I say, "why was I born?" ————

CHO. Oh for days of yore Moth-er love and home ————



Friend-less and sad I am dream-ing Dream-ing in sor-row a-lone

Arr. by  
Mort H. Glickman

## She Has Forgotten

By Karl & Harty and  
Patrick Mc Adory

1. Back to my home town I wan-dered one day It seemed that the old  
2. Mem-o-ries lin-ger caus-ing me pain Tear-ing my heart

gang had drift-ed a-way Wan-dered down Main Street the view to en-  
out dream-ing in vain Gone are those kiss-es that I used to

joy I met with the girl that I loved as a boy She  
know She has for-got-ten long, long a-go I

glanced at me calm-ly and calm-ly walked by She did-n't re-call  
still have her pic-ture her face sweet and fair A rose that she gave



me for years have flown by ——— She has for - got - ten the love that we  
me a lock of her hair ——— I treas - ure and keep them it's sil - ly I

knew ——— She has for - got - ten can it be true? ———  
know ——— For she has for - got - ten long, long a - go. ———

CHO There was a time when our hearts beat as one ——— All I can say

now is see what you've done ——— Gone are the days when we thrilled to each

vow ——— She has for - got - ten ev - 'ry - thing now. ———



# For He's a Jolly Good Fellow

Arr by  
Nick Manoloff

Old French

Moderato

1. For he's a jol - ly good fel - low, For he's a jol - ly good fel - low, For  
2. We won't go home un - til morn - ing, We won't go home un - til morn - ing, We

he's a jol - ly good fel - low, Which no - bod - y can de - ny — Which  
won't go home un - til morn - ing, Till day - light doth ap - pear — Till

no - bod - y can de - ny; — Which no - bod - y can de - ny; — For  
day - light doth ap - pear, — Till day - light doth ap - pear, — We

he's a jol - ly good fel - low, For he's a jol - ly good fel - low, For  
won't go home un - til morn - ing, We won't go home un - til morn - ing, We

he's a jol - ly good fel - low, Which no - bod - y can de - ny. —  
won't go home un - til morn - ing, Till day - light doth ap - pear. —

Guitar chords: G, C, G, D7, G, G7, C, dim, G, D7, G, C, G, D7, G, G7, C, dim, G, D7, G.



Arr. by  
Mort H. Glickman

# When the Corn is Waving Annie Dear

By  
Charles Blamphin

1. When the corn is wav-ing An-nie, dear, Oh meet me by the stile To hear thy gen-tle  
2. When the corn is wav-ing An-nie, dear, Our tales of love we'll tell Be-side the gen-tle

voice a-gain And greet thy win-ning smile The moon will be at full, love The stars will brightly  
flow-ing stream That both our hearts know well Where wild flow-ers in their beau-ty Will scent the eve-nings

gleam, Oh come my Queen of night love And grace the beau-teous scene, When the  
breeze, Oh haste the stars are peep-ing And the moon be-hind the trees, The

corn is wav-ing An-nie, dear, Oh meet me by the stile, — To hear thy gen-tle

voice a-gain And greet thy win-ning smile. — The corn is wav-ing An-nie, dear, Oh

CHO.



meet me by the stile — To hear thy gen-tle voice a-gain And greet thy win-ning smile.

Arr. by  
Mort H. Glickman

## The Code of the Mountains

By Karl & Harty and  
Patrick Mc Adory

1. The code of the moun-tains, way down in the back-woods, The code of the  
2. They caught him at day-break, way down in the back-woods, They caught him at  
3. Said Har-ry to Char-lie, way down in the back-woods, Said Har-ry to  
4. He load-ed his ri-fle, way down in the back-woods, He load-ed his  
5. They bur-ied poor Char-lie, way down in the back-woods, They bur-ied poor  
6. Deep in the earth now, way down in the back-woods, Deep in the

moun-tains, the un-writ-ten law, — There Har-ry and Joe Brown, way  
day-break, down on — his knees, — He plead-ed for mer-cy, way  
Char-lie, you thought you were sly, — The code of the moun-tains, way  
ri-fle, Joe load-ed too, — One shot and an-oth-er, way  
Char-lie, with-out an-y prayer, — The code of the moun-tains, way  
earth now, lies Char-lie Mc Graw, — For the code of the moun-tains, way

down in the back-woods, There Har-ry and Joe Brown, shot Char-lie Mc - Graw. —  
down in the back-woods, He plead-ed for mer-cy, heed to — my pleas. —  
down in the back-woods, The code of the moun-tains, says you — must die. —  
down in the back-woods, One shot and an-oth-er, then it — was through. —  
down in the back-woods, The code of the moun-tains, is the on-ly law there. —  
down in the back-woods, The code of the moun-tains, is the un-writ-ten law. —



# The Wreck Between New Hope and Gethsemane

Arr. by  
Nick Manoloff

By Karl & Harty  
and Doc Hopkins

Moderato

1. Once two trains with might-y power run-ning six-ty miles an hour 'Twas a  
 2. Ster-gin the en-gin-eer was brave, saw his train he could not save Saw a  
 3. When the morn-ing light it came all a-round the burn-ing train Ma-ny  
 4. Ma-ny lives of men were lost and most fear-ful was the cost That the

fear-ful speed be-tween mid-night and day Ster-gin must have been a-  
 head-light 'round the curve like light-ning flash An-other train was head-ing  
 friends and ma-ny loved ones gath-ered there Fast be-neath that burn-ing  
 L and N Com-pa-ny did sus-tain 'Twas the dark-est hour that

sleep Passed the point he had to meet And it caused an aw-ful  
 on He soon saw that he was gone And they came to- geth-er  
 train They saw their friends they could not save So they turned a-way al-  
 night Peo-ple gath-ered to that fright But they could not save them



# The Wreck Between New Hope and Gethsemane

Arr. by  
Nick Manoloff

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Moderato

1. Once two trains with might-y power run-ning six-ty miles an hour 'Twas a  
 2. Ster-gin the en-gin-eer was brave, saw his train he could not save Saw a  
 3. When the morn-ing light it came all a-round the burn-ing train Ma-ny  
 4. Ma-ny lives of men were lost and most fear-ful was the cost That the

fear-ful speed be-tween mid-night and day \_\_\_\_\_ Ster-gin must have been a-  
 head-light 'round the curve like light-ning flash \_\_\_\_\_ An-other train was head-ing  
 friends and ma-ny loved ones gath-ered there \_\_\_\_\_ Fast be-neath that burn-ing  
 L and N Com-pa-ny did sus-tain \_\_\_\_\_ 'Twas the dark-est hour that

sleep Passed the point he had to meet And it caused an aw-ful  
 on He soon saw that he was gone And they came to- geth- er  
 train They saw their friends they could not save So they turned a- way al-  
 night Peo- ple gath-ered to that fright But they could not save them

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## CHORUS

wreck a - long the way. Dark was the night Men  
with an aw - ful crash.  
most in sad des - pair.  
from that burn - ing train.

worked with all their might In that wreck a - bout two o'clock or

three 'Twas a morn - ing in No - vem - ber long to be re -

mem - bered That wreck be - tween New Hope and Geth - sem - a - ne.



Arr. by  
Nick Manoloff

# God Sent My Little Girl

(Direct from Heaven)

By  
Karl Davis

Moderato

1. Those ro - sy cheeks \_\_\_\_\_ Those big bright eyes \_\_\_\_\_ How sweet she  
 2. If I am blue \_\_\_\_\_ I'm marked a  
 3. If I can live \_\_\_\_\_ All hope seems gone \_\_\_\_\_ Her gray old  
 That when she's grown \_\_\_\_\_

smiles \_\_\_\_\_ How cute she cries \_\_\_\_\_ From E - den's  
 failure \_\_\_\_\_ By the thron \_\_\_\_\_ From me frien  
 dad \_\_\_\_\_ She's proud to own \_\_\_\_\_ Still un - a

nook \_\_\_\_\_ The mas - ter took \_\_\_\_\_ A dain -  
 part \_\_\_\_\_ Still to that heart \_\_\_\_\_ Her dad -  
 bused \_\_\_\_\_ This prayer she used \_\_\_\_\_ God keep



C A7 D7 G

flower and made a lit - tle child.  
is the grand - est man on earth.  
dad - dy in your ten - der care.

CHO. G D7

God sent my lit - tle girl Di - rect from

G D7 G

Heav - en I'm grate - ful to him She was a

C A7 D7 G

mem - ber of his an - gel band.



# From a Cabin in Kentucky

Arr. by  
Nick Manoloff

By Karl & Harty  
and Pat McDory

Moderato

The piano introduction is in G major, 2/4 time, marked Moderato. It begins with a forte (f) dynamic. The melody is played in the right hand, and the bass line is in the left hand. The introduction consists of 8 measures.

The first system of the song features a vocal melody line with lyrics and a piano accompaniment. The key signature is G major (one sharp). The tempo is Moderato. The piano part includes chord diagrams for D, A7, D, and G.

1. In a ca - bin in Ken - tuck - y On a cold and frost - y  
 2. In a ca - bin in Ken - tuck - y There he spent his ba - by  
 3. From a ca - bin in Ken - tuck - y To the state of Il - lin -  
 4. From a ca - bin in Ken - tuck - y He was ris - ing high in  
 5. From a ca - bin in Ken - tuck - y To the high - est post of  
 6. On a fate - ful A - pril eve - ning At a play in Wash - ing -  
 7. From a ca - bin in Ken - tuck - y Abra - ham Lin - coln won his

The second system of the song continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The piano part includes chord diagrams for D, G, D, A7, D, and E7.

morn — In a ca - bin in Ken - tuck - y A — lit - tle child was  
 days — In a ca - bin in Ken - tuck - y, In - to farm - ing he was  
 ois — In the year of eight - een thir - ty Came a strong Ken - tuck - y  
 fame — And his speeches and or - a - tions, Make the coun - try know his  
 all — A - bra - ham Lin - coln led the country Thro' its tri - als great and  
 ton — John Wil - kes Booth was hid - ing In the cur - tains with a  
 way — To the hearts of men and wom - en, That is where he lives to -



born raised boy name small gun day

How his In the And from There was He's the And a There will

moth - er eve - ning year to year low - ly the rang nev - er

gent - ly he would he la - bored ca - bin na - tion through the play - house, an - oth - er

kissed him As she By the And en - Where the In the And he Like the

stu - dy, stu - dy, la - bored ca - bin na - tion play - house, an - oth - er

held him on her knee But she nev - er guessed one

log fire's glow - ing light And he used to do his

deav - ored to suc - ceed And at last his peo - ple

folks on bend - ed knee Of - fered pray - ers of thank

days of six - ty - four When they saw the un - ion

leaped up - on the stage That scoun - drel robbed our

no - ble boy who came From a ca - bin in Ken

mo - ment what he would turn out to be.

les - sons on a shov - el ev - ery night.

chose him for the pub - lic voice to lead.

giv - ing for the man that set them free.

safe - ly through the blood - y civ - il war.

coun - try of the he - ro of the age.

tuck - y to ev - er - last - ing fame.



Arr. by Mort H. Glickman

## Across the Great Divide

By Doc Hopkins

1. Through des-ert land and cac-tus with sore and wea-ry feet We'll  
 2. Some day there'll be a round-up the cow-boys one and all stand Will  
 3. Get a - long, get along old Broncho soon we'll make our fare-well When

fol - low trails where bones bleach in the sun Un - til we reach the  
 stand be - fore the Mak - er with his brand We'll cut the herd and  
 the round-up days are o'er here be - low We'll end our wea - ry

moun-tains and hear the tom-tom beat Where Red-skins watch and wait to lay us  
 count them at the round-up in the fall When they cross the can-yon to that bet-ter  
 jour-ney in that dis-tant prom-ise land We'll roam the prai-rie where green pas-tures

**CHORUS**

down. Just me and my old Bron-cho soon we'll trav-el the last long  
 land. grow.  
 mile To a bet-ter land where eve-ry ones a friend There's wa-ter and green

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pas-tures Where we all can live in style A-cross the great di-vide the trail will end.

## Lookee Lookee Here

By Karl & Harty

Arr. by Mort H. Glickman

1. That snake he baked a big hoe cake And sat the toad to mind it That toad he up and  
2. Love is just a thing of fan-cy Beau-ty's just a blos-som If you want to get your  
3. Pos-som up the blue gum stump That rac-coon in the hol-ler Twist him out and  
4. The coon has got a bush-y tail, The pos-som's tail is bare That rab-bit ain't not  
5. The gob-bler's got a big fan tail, The part-ridge tail is small That peacock's tails got  
6. The jay-bird died with the whooping cough The blue-bird died with the measles Long come a possum with a

went to sleep And a liz-ard slipped and found it.  
fin-ger bit Just poke it at a pos-som.  
get him down I'll give you half a dol-lar.  
tail at all 'Cept a lit-tle bunch of hair.  
great big eyes But they can't see nothing at all.  
fiddle on his back And the crows did a dance with the wea-sels.

Lookee, lookee here, lookee, lookee there

Lookee, lookee way down yon-der Don't you see that old gray goose a smiling at the gan-der.

Lookee, lookee way down yon-der Don't you see that old gray goose a smiling at the gan-der.



Arr. by  
Mort. H. Glickman

# I Am Just What I Am

By Karl & Ha

1. If I could be the Pres-i-dent of these U-nit-ed States I'd eat good lass-es can - dy and  
2. I wish I had a load of poles, to fence my new ground lot. To keep them devilish little pigs, from root-  
3. When I was a lit-tle boy, just thir-teen in-ches high, I used to climb the table legs and

swing on all the gates,  
ing up all I've got.  
steal off cake and pie.

I'd wear my dad-dies br - it-ches and smoke my un-cle's pipe I'd  
They root my cab-bage, root my corn, and root up all my beans, They  
And then the girls all laugh'd and said he, he, he, he, he, he, But

hug and kiss the pret-ty girls and sit up eve-ry night.  
spoilt my fine sweet ta-ter patch and ruind my tur-nip greens.  
you ain't heard no boy laugh and say: she, she, she, she.

CHORUS

But I be just what I be I am I  
But they be just what they be they am They  
But they be just what they be they am They

be just what I am  
be just what they am  
be just what they am

Give me those hills and rocks and rills and you can have your town.  
I'll let them eat my beans and corn and then I'll eat their ham.  
If it was-n't for them pret-ty girls I'd jump in the lake and drown.



# Beautiful Dreamer

By Stephen C. Foster

**Moderato**

1. Beau-ti-ful dream-er wake un-to me, Star-light and dew-drops are wait-ing for  
 2. Beau-ti-ful dream-er out on the sea, Mer-maids are chanting the wild lor-e-

thee, — Sounds of the rude world heard in the day, Lull'd by the moonlight, have all pass'd a-  
 lie, — Ov-er the stream-let va-pors are borne, Wait-ing to fade at the bright coming

way! Beau-ti-ful dream-er, queen of my song, List while I woo thee with  
 morn. Beau-ti-ful dream-er, beam on my heart, E'en as the morn on the

soft mel-o-dy; Gone are the cares of life's bus-y throng,  
 streamlet and sea, Then with all clouds of sor-row de-part,

Beau-ti-ful dreamer, a-wake un-to me. Beau-ti-ful dreamer, a-wake un-to me.



# A Song for Mother

By Karl & Harty

Tempo di Valse

1. We sing of the flow-ers that bloom in the spring, We sing of the deep blue  
 2. If I could but have you al-ways with me, Dear moth-er where-e'er I  
 3. I wish I could be at the old home a - gain, How sweet the sto - ry to

sea, We sing of fair an - gels and gold bells that ring But  
 roam, But that can - not be for your du - ties I see Are with  
 tell, To take your dear hand on a bright Sab - bath morn And

CHORUS

this is the theme for me.  
 dad and that dear old home.  
 walk to the church in the dell.

My moth - er, dear

moth - er We're strik - ing a chord for thee, You nev - er get



far from that dear old home, But your prayers are here with me. \_\_\_\_\_

Arr. by Nick Manoloff

## Hush A Bye Baby Don't Cry

By Doc Hopkins

*Tempo di Valse*

1. Lit tle sleep-y head, a nod - ing to a fro, Mam-my sings a sweet lul - la -  
 2. Cud - dle up my ba - by, close to mam-my's breast Soon she'll be old and

by \_\_\_\_\_ Go to sleep my ba - by, sun am set - ting low, Moon will soon be  
 gray \_\_\_\_\_ No more you'll hear me sing the song you love the best, Let me lul - la -

shin - ing in the sky, \_\_\_\_\_ Mam - my hears the sand - man creep - ing to the  
 by you while I may \_\_\_\_\_ Too soon you will be grown, and Mam - my will be



door, To close the lit - tle pick - a - nin - ny's eye — You're my lit - tle bunch of  
gone, — But I'll watch o - ver you from the sky — You're my lit - tle bunch of

Heav - en and Mam-my loves you so Hush - a - bye my ba - by don't cry. —  
Heav - en and Mam-my loves you so Hush - a - bye my ba - by don't cry. —

Arr. by Nick Manoloff

# The Song Our Partner Sang

Karl &amp; Harty

Moderato

1. It was down a - mong the hills of old Ken - tuck - y, — We were  
2. How — good it was to see his lit - tle daugh - ter — Our —  
3. His — lit - tle daugh - ter smiled and then she told us, — How —

visit - ing scenes that bro't fond mem - o - ries,  
part - ner passed one May she came that June —  
much the re - cord helped that lone - ly home —

When we drew up to the  
She showed us pic - tures  
It's the clos - est I have

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home of our old part - ner A mel - an - chol - y shack be - neath the  
 of her un - seen fa - ther His old gui - tar she showed us, still in  
 ev - er been to fa - ther We vis - it with it of - ten here a -

trees It was many a chord that we had played to - geth - er When  
 tune And then the thing that touched us more than an - y From the  
 lone It keeps me in the shin - ing light of Je - sus It

once he sang as mem - ber of our band But ma - ny years have pass'd now since he  
 ver - y bot - tom of her keep - sake chest She took an old time re - cord and she  
 helps me turn my steps the Gos - pel way We must meet our Dad and Part - ner up

left us To make his home a - bove in God's fair land.  
 played it We heard him sing the song he loved the best.  
 in heav - en And join with him in song that glor - ious day.



Arr. by Nick Manoloff

# Days of the Blue and Grey

53

By Doc Hopkins

Tempo di valse

1. Two fa - thers bless'd with ba - by boys who lived in a long past day, —  
2. Two boys grew up though far a - part, they laughed and played so gay, —  
3. Two lads so brave so young so fair, so proud - ly marched a - way —  
4. On the battle field one star - ry night, two wound - ed sol - diers lay —  
5. They tho't of dear ones left be - hind, in sor - row both did pray —  
6. Two an - gels came with ten - der love, to bear their spir - it a - way —

— One fath - er wore a coat of blue, The oth - er a coat of grey. —  
— One learned to love the coat of blue, the oth - er the coat of grey. —  
— One moth - er prayed for her boy in blue, an oth - er her boy in grey. —  
— One of them wore a coat of blue, the oth - er a coat of grey. —  
— One dried his eyes with a rough blue sleeve, the oth - er a sleeve of grey. —  
— It mat - tered not in Heaven a - bove, which wore the blue or grey. —

CHORUS

The tired, the wea - ry, the wound - ed and dead up - on the bat - tle field lay, —

Me - ry poor hearts were bro - ken and sad In the days of the Blue and Grey. —



# When a Railroad Man is Happy

Arr. by  
Nick Manoloff

By Doc Hopkins  
& Pat Mc Adory

Allegro Moderato

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It begins with a piano introduction in D major, 2/4 time, marked 'Allegro Moderato'. The piano part features a rhythmic melody in the right hand and a supporting bass line in the left hand. The vocal parts enter with two verses. The first verse is: '1. When a rail - road man is hap - py' and '2. When a rail - road man is hap - py'. The second system continues the first verse with: 'When a rail - road - man is gay' and 'When a rail - road - man is glad'. The third system concludes the first verse with: 'whis - tle they seems to hol - ler' and 'wheels they sing out Who - pee'. The final system begins the second verse with: 'And the bell seems to' and 'There's noth - ing can'. Chord symbols (D, A7, E7) are placed above the vocal lines to indicate the harmonic structure. The piano accompaniment continues throughout, providing a steady rhythmic and harmonic foundation.

1. When a rail - road man is hap - py  
2. When a rail - road man is hap - py

When a rail - road - man is gay  
When a rail - road - man is glad Then the  
Then the

whis - tle they seems to hol - ler  
wheels they sing out Who - pee And the bell seems to  
There's noth - ing can



E7 A7 D

yell hur - ray \_\_\_\_\_ When a rail - road man is  
make me sad \_\_\_\_\_ When a rail - road man starts

A7 A7 D

lone some \_\_\_\_\_ With that low down feel - ing too \_\_\_\_\_  
dream - ing \_\_\_\_\_ Of the moon and stars a - bove \_\_\_\_\_

D A7 D B7

Then the wheels roll a - long And hum a lone - some  
When the whis - tle says Wo o o o Then it means, I love

A7 D A7 D

song When a rail - road man is blue. \_\_\_\_\_  
you, When a rail - road man's in love. \_\_\_\_\_



Chords: E7, A7, D

yell make hur - ray  
make me sad

When a rail - road man is  
When a rail - road man starts

Chords: A7, A7, D

lone some With that low down feel - ing too  
dream - ing Of the moon and stars a - bove

Chords: D, A7, D, B7

Then the wheels roll a - long And hum a lone - some  
When the whis - tle says Wo o o o Then it means, I love

Chords: A7, D, A7, D

song When a rail - road man is blue.  
you, When a rail - road man's in love.



# Old Pacer

Arr. by  
Nick Manoloff

By Doc Hopkins  
& Pat Mc Adory

**Moderato**

1. See that old brown pac - er a - com - ing down the road  
 2. See that pick - a - nin - ny, sleep - ing in the field  
 3. See my Un - cle Ab - ner, he'll tell you ev - ery time

Well that old pac - er he was mine \_\_\_\_\_ I  
 Hound dog a sit - ting by his side \_\_\_\_\_  
 Nine - ty nine years he been a live. \_\_\_\_\_

beat him and I whipped him, but I could - n't make him trot.  
 Should be pick - in' cot - ton, 'stead of lay - in' there.  
 Don't you ne'er be - lieve him, he don't know it all.



Man he was a pac - ing all the time.  
 Mas - sa come a - long and tan his hide.  
 Cause he ne'er learn to count no more than five.

CHO. G

Pace a - long

pac - er Pace a - long the road Nev - er pay no attention to my

G D Bm E7

song \_\_\_\_\_ Keep on the right while the sun is shin - ing

A7 D G

bright Just pace a long pac - er, pace, a - long.

D A7 D



# He Never Cares to Wander From His Own Fireside

Art. by  
Nick Manoloff

By Filex Mc Glennon

c Andante Mod<sup>to</sup>

1. Var-ious men have var-ious na-tures, Some pre-fer to cross the wave, O'er the world they like to trav-el  
2. How his face with joy is beam-ing, When the world-ly toll is o'er, As with ea-ger step he hast-ens,  
3. There's a wife to fond-ly greet him, With the love light in her eyes, There're the children 'round their dad-dy,

For fresh scenes they seem to crave, To their birth place some cling fond-ly And their hearts are in one spot,  
To his hum-ble cot-tage door, Lit-tle chil-dren run to meet him, Plead-ing for a fond ca-ress,  
Home to him is par-a-dise! Ba-by's arms are round him cling-ing, Ba-by's lips to his are pressed,

CHORUS  
See the man whose home is E-den, Hap-py in his hum-ble cot!  
Their a-mongst his well be-lov'd ones, He can find true hap-pi-ness! He nev-er cares to wan-der from his  
All is peace and love and comfort, In his home he finds sweet rest!

own fire side! He nev-er cares to ram-ble or to roam; — With his chil-dren on his knee, He's as

hap-py as can be, For there's no place like home, sweet home. No place like home, sweet home!  
(After last verse only)

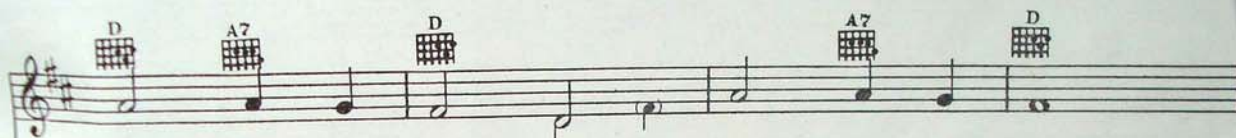


# Jackson Tennessee Blues

Arr. by  
Nick Manoloff

By Karl & Harty  
and Pat Mc Adory

Moderato



1. Way down in Jack - son Old dust - y road
2. Way down in Jack - son When you went a - way
3. Way down in Jack - son In old Ten - nes - see



Ten miles to Jack - son To bring in my load.  
No sun was shin - ing That dark gloom - y day.  
You know you're al - ways The one girl for me.



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Old Rags be - side me My old yel - low hound  
 You said you'd miss me You nev - er did heart  
 You're far a - way now But you have my heart

Way down in Jack - son That old hil - ly town.  
 I thought we'd mar - ry We part - ed in - stead.  
 You keep it dar - ling While we stay a - part.

## CHORUS

Oh my dar - ling Oh my dear one How could you treat me so

Left me bro - ken heart - ed A long time a - go Oh my go. —



# Darling Nellie Gray

61

By B. R. Handy

Andante

1. There's a low green val - ley on the old Ken - tuck - y shore. Where I've  
 2. When the moon had climb'd the moun - tain, and the stars were shin - ing too, Then I'd  
 3. My eyes are get - ting blind - ed and I can - not see my way, Hark! there's

while ma - ny hap - py hours a - way A - sit - ting and a - sing - ing by the lit - tle cõt - tage door Where  
 take my dar - ling Nel - lie Gray, And we'd float down the riv - er in my lit - tle red ca - noe, While my  
 some - bod - y knock - ing at the door, Oh I hear the an - gels call - ing, and I see my Nel - lie Gray, Farewell

lived my dar - ling Nel - lie Gray. O my poor Nel - lie Gray, they have taken you a - way, And I'll  
 ban - jo I would sweetly play. O my dar - ling Nel - lie Gray, up in heaven there they say, that they'll

to the old Ken - tuck - y shore.

nev - er see my dar - ling an - y more; I'm sit - ting by the riv - er and I'm  
 nev - er take you from me an - y more; I'm a - com - ing, com - ing, com - ing, as the

wrap - ping all the day, For you've gone from the old Ken - tuck - y shore.  
 an - gels clear the way, Fare - well to the old Ken - tuck - y shore.

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# Oh Wampus

By Karl &amp; Harty

Arr. by Mort H. Glickman

1. I heard there was a wam-pus In the out-skirts of this town, I thought I'd take my  
 2. His eyes were like the plan-ets His mouth was like the seas His teeth were play-ing  
 3. My toes be-gan to wig-gle And then I hit my pace In thir-teen min-utes  
 4. The peo-ple in this cit-y Will give a hundred dollars down To the man who'll catch that

old shot-gun And run that wam-pus down, It seem'd I never would find him But at last I did, I  
 death-tunes And they ech-oed on my knees I look'd down at my feet And said, "Feet set me free In  
 by the clock I was ten miles from that place Now all you folks take warning And let the loud notes ring If  
 wam-pus cat, And bring him into town, But if you love your home and country Take this ad-vice from me Eat sor-

took one shot and miss'd him And the hair rose on my head.  
 youth I have pro-ected you And now you must help me."  
 danger comes knocking at your door Sing, you sin-ners, sing.  
 ghum mo-lasses and cold corn bread And let that wam-pus be.

Oh Wam-pus please don't both-er

me Oh Wam-pus I'll be so good you see, I'll say my pray'rs, roll no bones

Op-en up my coop and let the chick-ens go home Oh Wam-pus, please don't both-er me.

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Arr. by  
Nick Manoloff

# My Blue Eyed Boy Has Done Me Wrong

63

By Karl & Harty  
and Pat Mc Adordy

Moderato

1. My heart is full of sad and woe, \_\_\_\_\_ Such mis - er -  
 2. The on - ly time he comes a - round, \_\_\_\_\_ Is when the oth -  
 3. The great - est years in my young life \_\_\_\_\_ I gave to  
 4. Last night I wan-dered thro' the town \_\_\_\_\_ My lover in  
 5. I saw him meet an - oth - er girl \_\_\_\_\_ His mus - tache  
 6. I used to think in oth - er days \_\_\_\_\_ That hope - less

y where e'er I go, \_\_\_\_\_ The per - se - cu - tions I've en -  
 ers have turned him down \_\_\_\_\_ I wish I knew what joy might  
 him in sac - ri - fice \_\_\_\_\_ He once did think me young and  
 a ca - fé I found \_\_\_\_\_ He took his seat with a styl - ish  
 gai - ly he did twirl \_\_\_\_\_ He put his arm a - round her  
 love was only a phrase \_\_\_\_\_ But now there's sor - row in my

dured, \_\_\_\_\_ For my true love has grieved me sore. \_\_\_\_\_  
 be \_\_\_\_\_ And what the fu - ture holds for me. \_\_\_\_\_  
 fair \_\_\_\_\_ But now I'm grieved in deep des - pair. \_\_\_\_\_  
 air \_\_\_\_\_ As if to show that he was there. \_\_\_\_\_  
 waist \_\_\_\_\_ And turned and laughed in to my face. \_\_\_\_\_  
 song \_\_\_\_\_ My blue eyed boy has done me wrong. \_\_\_\_\_



# That Beautiful Home

By  
E. S. DEAN  
H. W. ELLIOTT

Guitar Chords: C, F, C, G7

Slowly

1. There's a beau-ti-ful home far o-ver the sea, There are man-sions of bliss for you and for me; Oh, that  
 2. In that beau-ti-ful home, a crown I shall wear, With the glo-ri-fied throng, their glo-ry to share; But the  
 3. In that beau-ti-ful home, dear friends I shall meet, Who are wait-ing for me, my com-ing to greet; Re-u-

beau-ti-ful home so wond-rous-ly fair, That the Sav-iour for me, has gone to pre-pare.  
 joys of that home can nev-er be known, Till the Sav-iour we see, up-on His white throne.  
 nit-ed we'll be with Je-sus our King, While the a-ges roll on, His prais-es we'll sing.

CHORUS

There's a beau-ti-ful home far o-ver the sea, There's a beau-ti-ful home,  
 for you and for me; And its glit-ter-ing tow'rs the  
 sun and stars, And that beau-ti-ful home some day shall be mine.



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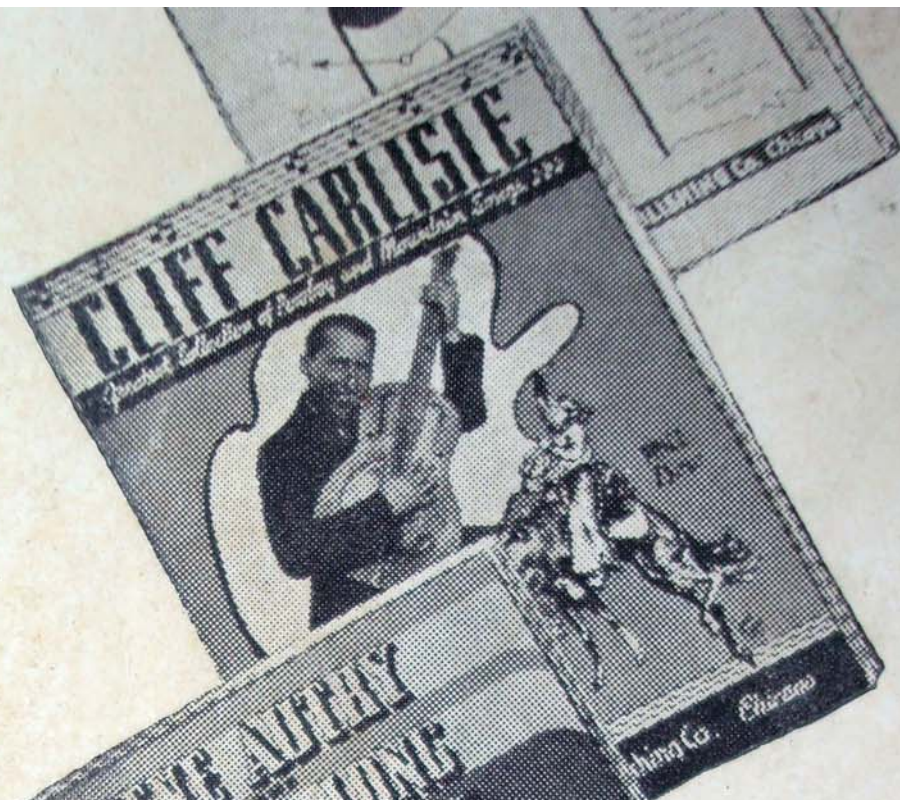
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